

VVHEN YOV SEE ME,

You know mee.

7.

Or the famous Chronicle Historie of King

HENRY the Eight, with the birth and vertuous
Life of EDVVARD Prince of Wales.

*As it was played by the High and Mighty Prince of Wales his
Servants.*

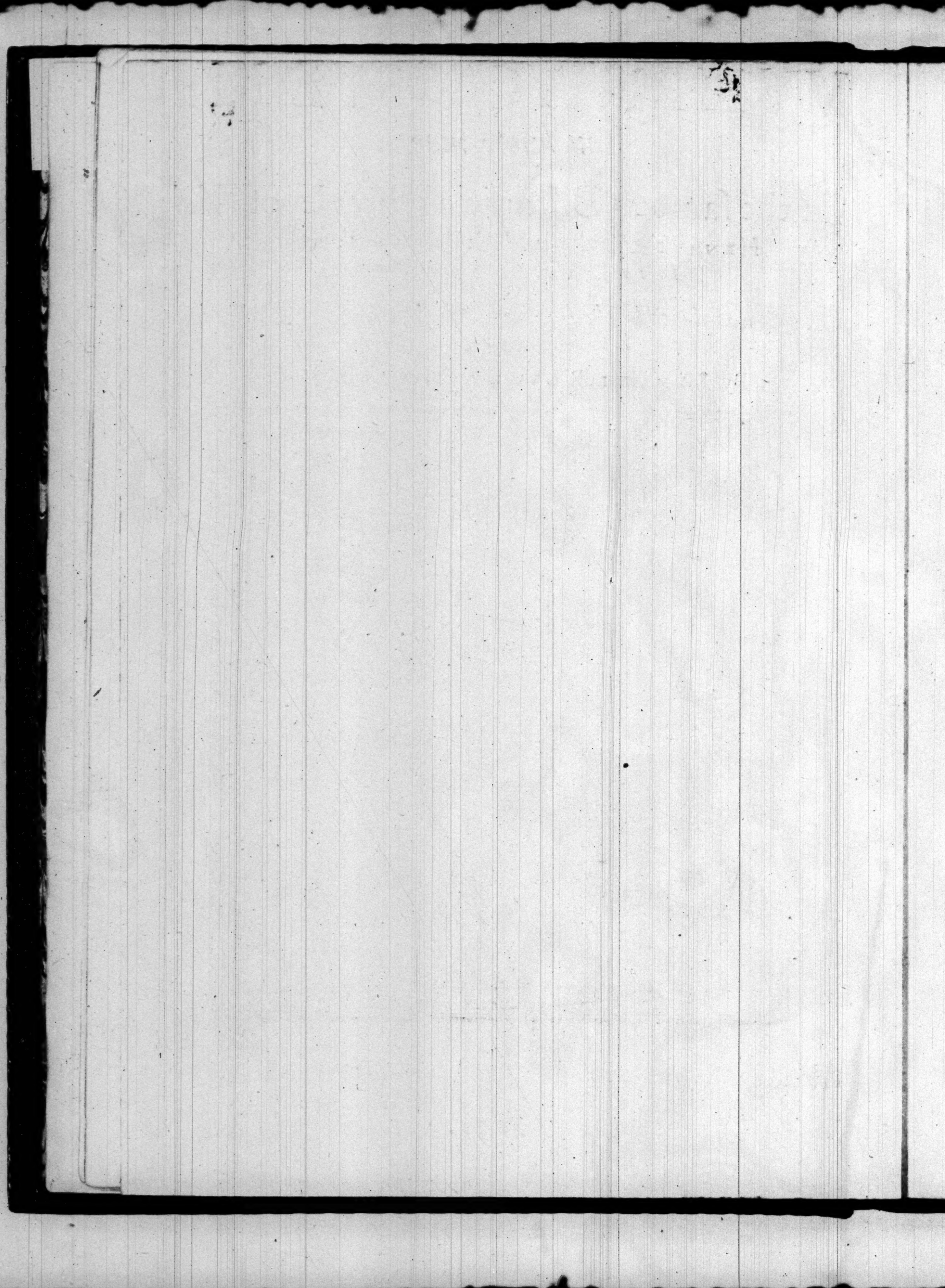
By SAMVEL ROVVLY, Servant to the Prince.



LONDON

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1632.





VVHEN YOV SEE ME,
You know me.

*Enter the Cardinall; with the Embassadors of France, in all state and
royalty, the Purse and Mace before him.*

Woolsey.



Entlemen give leave; you great Embassadors,
From *Francis* the most Christian King of France:
My Lord of *Paris*, and Lord *Benevet*,
Welcome to England: since the King your Master,
Intreates our furtherance to advance his peace:
Giving us titles of high dignity,
As next elect to Romes Supremacie.

Tell him, we have so wrought with English *Henry*,
(Who, as his right hand loves the Cardinall)
That undelay'd, you shall have audience:
And this day will the King in person sit
To heare your Message, and to answer it.

Bon. Your grace hath done us double courtesie:
For so much doth the King our Master long,
To have an answer of this Embassage,
As Minutes are thought Months, till we returne.

Par. And that's the cause his Highnes moves your grace,
To quicke dispatch betwixt the King and him:
And for a quittance of your forwardnesse,
And hopefull kindnesse to the Crowne of France,
Twelve reverend Bishops are sent Post to Rome.

When you see me, you know mee.

Both from his highnesse and the Emperour,
To move *Campens* and the Cardinals,
For your election to the Papall Throne,
That *Woolfsies* head may weare the triple Crowne.

Wool. We thanke his Highnesse for remembring us.
And so salute my Lord the Emperour,
Both which (if *Woolse* be made Pope of Rome)
Shall be made famous through all Christendome.
How now *Bonner*? *Enter Bonner.*

Bon. Sir *William Compton* from his Highnesse comes,
To doe a Message to your Excellence.

Wool. Delay him a while, and tell him we are busie.
Meane time my Lords you shall withdraw your selves,
Our private conference must not be knowne,
Let all your Gentlemen in their best array,
Attend you bravely to King *Henries* Court,
Where we in person presently will meet you:
And doubt not weele prevaile successfully.

Bon. But hath your grace yet moved his highnes sister,
For kind acceptance of our Soveraignes Love?

Wool. I have, and by the Kings meanes finisht it,
And yet it was a taske, I tell yee Lords,
That might have beene impos'd to *Hercules*,
To win a Lady of her spirit and yeares.
To see her first Love crown'd with silver haire,
As old King *Lewis* is, that Bed-ridlyes,
Unfit for Love, or worldly Vanities.

Bon. But 'tis his Countries peace the King respects,

Wool. We thinke no lesse, and we have fully wrought it,
The Emperours forces that were levied,
To invade the frontiers of Low Burgondie,
Are stayd in Brabant by the Kings command,
The Admirall *Hayward* that was lately sent
With threescore saile of Ships and Pinaces,
To batter downe the Townes in Normandy,
Is by our care for him, cald home againe:
Then doubt not of a faire successfull end,
Since *Woolse* is esteemed your Soveraignes friend.

Par. We

When you see me, you know me.

Par. We thanke your Excellence, and take our leaves.

Wool. Hast yee to Court, Ile meet you presently. *Exeunt.*

Bonner. God morrow to your Grace.

Wool. God morrow Lords, goe call Sir *William Compton* in,
We must have narrow eyes, and quicke conceit,
To looke into these dangerous stratagems.
I will effect for *France*, as they for me :
If *Woolse* to the Popes high state attaine,
The League is kept, or else he'le break't againe.

Enter Bonner and Compton.

Now good Sir *William*.

Compt. The King my Lord intreats your reverend grace,
There may be had some private conference,
Betwixt his Highnesse and your Excellence.
Before he heare the French Embassadors,
And wils you hasten your repaire to him.

Wool. We will attend his Highnesse presently.
Bonner, see all our traine be set in readinesse,
That in our state and pompe Pontificiall,
We may passe on to grace King *Henries* Court.

Comp. I have a Message from the Queene my Lord,
Who much commends, and humbly thanks your grace,
For your exceeding Love, and zealous Prayers,
By your directions through all *England* sent :
To invoke her sound and prosperous helpe,
By Heavens faire hand, in Child-bed passions.

Wool. We thanke her Highnesse, that accepts our Love,
In all Cathedrall Churches through the Land,
Are Masses, Dirges, and professions sung :
With prayers to heaven to blesse her Majestie,
And send her joy, and quicke delivery :
And so Sir *William* doe my duty to her,
Queene *Jane* was ever kind and courteous.
And alwayes of her Subjects honoured.

Compt. I take my leave my Lord. *Exit.*

Wool. Adew good knight, weel follow presently,
Now *Woolse* worke thy wits like gads of steele,
And make them plyable to all Impressions,

That

When you see me, you know mee.

That King and Queene, and all may honour thee :
So toyl'd not *Cæsar* in the State of Rome,
As *Woolsey* labours in the affaires of Kings,
As *Hanniball* with oyle did melt the *Alpes*,
To make a passage into *Italy* :
So must we beare our high pitch't *Eminence*
To dig for glory in the hearts of men,
Till we have got the *Papall* Diadem :
And to this end have I compos'd this plot,
And made a League betweene the French and us :
And matcht their aged King in holy marriage,
With Lady *Mary*, royall *Henries* Sister :
That he in peace plotting with the Emperor,
May pleade for us within the Courts of Rome.
Wherefore was *Alexanders* fame so great
But that he conquered and depos'd Kings ?
And where doth *Woolsey* faile to follow him,
That thus commandeth Kings and Emperors ?
Great Englands Lord have I so won with words :
That under colour of advising him,
I over-rule both Councell, Court, and King :
Let him command, but we will execute.
Making our glory to out-shine his Fame,
Till we have purchast an eternall name.

Enter Bonner.

Now *Bonner*, are those proclamations sent.
As we directed to the Sheriffes of London,
Of certaine new devised Articles,
For ordering those Brothels called the Stewes ?

Bon. They are ready my Lord and the Sheriffe attends for them,

Wool. Dispatch him quickly, and hast after me ;

We must attend the Kings high Majesty.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King Harry the Eight, Queene Jane
big with Child, the Cardinall, Charles Brandon Duke of
Suffolke, Dudley, Gray, Compton, the Lady Mary, the
Countesse of Salisbury, attending on the Queene.*

King

When you see me, you know me.

King. Charles Brandon, Dudley, and my good Lord Gray,
Prepare your selves, and be in readinesse,
To entertaine these French Embassadors,
Meete them before our royall Pallace Gate
And so conduct them to our Majesty.
We meane this day to give them audience.

Dud. Grays We will my Lord.

Bran. Let one attend without,
And bring us word when they are comming on.

King. How now Queene Jane (Mother of God) my love
Thou wilt never be able to sit halfe this time:
Ladies, I feare she'll wake yee ere't be long.

Me thinkes she beares her burthen very heavily,

And yet good sifter and my honoured Lords,

If this faire houre exceed not her expect,

And passe the Kalender of her accounts,

She will heare this Embassage, Jane wilt thou not?

Qu. Jane. Yes my deare Lord, I cannot leave your sight:
So long as life retainesthis Mansion.

In whose sweet lookes bright Sovereignty's in-thron'd,

That make all Nations love and honour thee.

Within thy frame sits awfull Majesty,

Wreathed in the curled furrowes of thy front:

Admir'd and feared even of thine enemies;

To be with thee, is my felicity.

Not to behold the state of all the world,

Could win thy Queene, thy sicke unwildy Queene,

To leave her Chamber, in this Mother state,

But sight of thee unequal Potentate,

King. God a-mercy Jane, reach me thy Princely hand.

Thou art now a right woman, goodly, chiefe of thy Sexe,

Me thinkes thou art a Queene suparlative,

Mother a God this is a womans glory,

Like good September Vines, loden with fruit.

How ill did they define the names of women,

Adding so foule a Preposition;

To call it woe to man, 'tis woe from man.

If woe it be, and then who dus not know,

That

When you see me, you know mee.

That women still from men receive their woe.
Yet, they love men for it, but what's their gaine?
Poore soules no more but travaile for their paine;
Come, Love thou art sad, call *Will Summers* in,
To make her merry, where is the foole to day?

Dud. He was met my Liege they say at London,
Early this morning with Doctor *Skelton*.

King. He's never from thence, goe let a Groome be sent,
And fetch him home; my good Lord Cardinall,
Who are the chiefe of these Embassadors?

Wool. Lord *Bonnevet* the French high Admirall,
And *John de Mazo*, reverend Bishop of Paris.

King. Let their welcome be thy care good *Woolfe*.

Wool. It shall my Liege.

Enter Compton.

King. Spare for no cost, *Compton*, what newes?

Comp. Embassadors my Liege.

King. Inough, goe give them entertainment Lords,
Charles Brandon, hear'st thou, give them courtesie
Inough, and state inough, goe conduct them.

Bran. I goe my Lord.

*Enter Will Summers booted and spurred,
blowing a Horne.*

King. How now *William*, what? post, post, where have you beene riding.

Will. Out of my way old *Harry*, I am all on the spur, I can tell yee,
I have tydings worth telling.

King. Why, where hast thou bin?

Will. Marry I rise early, and ride post to London, to know what newes was here at Court.

King. Was that your nearest way *William*?

Will. O I, the very foot path, but yet I rid the horse-way to heare it,
I warrant there is nere a Cundid-head-keeper in London, but knowes what is done in all the Courts in Christendome.

Wool. And what is the best newes there *William*?

Will. Good newes for you my Lord Cardinall, for

When you see mee, you know mee.

one of the old Women Waterbearers, told mee for certaine, that last Friday all the Be's in Rome rang backward, there was a Thousand Dirgies sung, Sixe hundred Ave-maries said, every man washt his face in Holy-water, the people crossing and blessing themselves to send them a new Pope, for the old is gone to Purgatory.

Woolf. Ha, ha, ha.

Will. Nay my Lord you'd laugh, if 'twere so indeed, for every body thinks if the Pope were dead you gape for a Benefice, but this newes my Lord is call'd to good to be true.

King. But this newes came apace, *Will.* that came from Rome to London since Friday last.

Will. For 'twas at Billings-gate by Saterdag Morning, 'twas a full Moone, and it came up in a spring tide.

King. Then you heare of the Embassadors that are come.

W. H. I, I, and that was the cause o. my ryding to know what they came for, I was told it all at a Barbers.

King. Ha, ha, what a fooles this *lane*, and what doe they say he comes for, *Will.*

William. Marry they say, he comes to crave thy ayde against the great Turke that vowes to over-run all *France* within this fortnight, he's in a terrible rage belike, and they say; the reason is, his old God *Mahomet*, that was buried ith' top on's Church at *Messa*, his Tombe fell downe, and kild a Sow and seven Pigges, whereupon they thinke all Swines flesh is new sanctified, and now it is thought the *Jewes* will fall to eating of Porke extreamly after it.

King. This is strange indeed, but is this all.

W. l. No there is other newes that was told me among the women at a Bake-house, and that is this, they say, the great Bell in *Glassenbery*: For has told twise, and that King *Arthur* & his Knights of the round Table, that were buried in Armour, are alive againe, crying *St. George* for *England*, and meane shortly to conquer *Rome*, marry this is thought to be but a morrail.

King. The Embassadors are comming, and heare *William*, see that you be silent, when you see them heere.

W. l. He be wise and say, little I warrant thee, and therefore till I see them come, he goe talke with the Queene; how dost thou *fanc*? Sirra *Harry* she lookes very bigge upon me, but I care not, and shee bring thee a young Prince, *Will Summers* may hap's bce his

When you see mee, you know mee.

foole, when you two are both dead and rotten.

King. Goe to *William*, how now *Jane* what groning,
Gods me th' hast an angry, Soldiers frowne:

Wil. I thinke so *Harry*, thou hast prest her often: I am sure this
two yeares she has serv'd under thy standard.

Qu. Jane. Good faith my Lord, I must intreat your Grace,
That with your favour I may leave the presence:
I cannot stay to heare this Embassage.

King. Gods holy Mother, Ladies lead her to her Chamber,
Go bid the Midwives and the Nurles waite,
Make wholsome fires, and take her from the Ayre,
Now *Jane* God bring me but a chopping boy,
Be but a Mother to a Prince of Wales
And a ninth *Henry* to the English Crowne,
And thou mak' st full my hopes, faire Queene adew;
And may Heavens helping hand our joyes renew.

Comp. God make your Maiestie a happy Mother.

Dnd. And helpe you in your weakest passions,
With zealous Prayer we all will invoke
The powers divine for your delivery.

Qu. Jane. We thanke you all and in faire enterchange
We'l pray for you: now on my humble knees,
I take my leave of your high Majesty,
God send your highnesse long and prosperous Raigne,
And blesse this Kingdome and your Subjects lives:
And to your gracious heart all joy restore,
I feare I shall never behold you more.

King. Doe not thinke so faire Queene, go to thy bed,
Let not my love be so discomforted.

Wil. No, no, I warrant thee *Jane*, make hast and dispatch this,
That thou mayst have another against next Christmas

King. Ladies attend her, Countesse of *Salisbury*, sister *Mary*,
Who first brings word that *Harry* hath a Sonne,
Shall be rewarded well.

Wil. I, ile be his surety: but doe you heare Wenches, she that
brings the first tydings howsoever it fall out let her be sure to say the
Child's like the father, or else she shall have nothing.

Enter

When you see mee, you know mee.

Enter Lords, and Embassadors.

King. Welcome Lord *Bonnevet*, welcome Byshop,
What from our Brother brings this Embassage?

Bonnevet. Most faire commend, great and renowned *Hen.*
We in the person of our Lord and King,
Here of your Highnesse doe intreat a League
And to reedifie the former Peace
Held betwixt the Realmes of *England* and of *France*,
Of late disordered by some petty wrongs:
And pray your Majesty to stay your powers
Already levied in low *Burgundie*,
Which to maintaine, our oathes shall be ingag'd,
And to confirme it with more surety,
He craves your faire consent unto his Love,
And give the Lady *Mary* for his Queene,
The second Sister to your Royall selfe.
So may an Heyre springing from both your Blouds,
Make both Realmes happy by a lasting League.

King. We kindly doe receive your Masters love,
And yet our grant stands strong unto his suit,
If that no following censure feeble it:
For we herein must take our Councels ayde:
But howsoever our answer wall be swift,
Meane time we grant you faire accesse to woo,
And winne her (if you can) to be his Queene.
Our selfe will second you, Right welcome both.
Lord Cardinall these shall be your Guests,
But let our Treasure wast to welcome them:
Banquet them how they will, what cheere, what sport,
Let them see *Harry* keeps a Kingly Court.

Wool. I shall my Soueraigne.

Exit Woolfie.

King. Withdraw a while our selves, we'l follow ye,
Now *Will* are you not deceiv'd in this Embassage,
You heard they came for ayde against the Turke.

Wil. Well then, now I see there is loud Lyes told in London,
But al's one, for their comming's to as much purpose as the others:

When you see mee, you know mee.

King. And why I pray?

Wil. Why dost thou thinke thy Sister such a foole, to marry such an old *Dies veneris*, he get her with Prince?

I, when eyther, or the Cardinall prove Pope,
And that will never be, I hope.

King. How knowest thou him to be old, thou never sawest him.

Wil. No, nor he me, but I saw his picture with ner-a tooth i'th head on't, and all his beard, as well-fauored as a white frost, but it is no matter, if he haue her, he will die shortly, and then she may helpe to bury him.

Enter Ladies.

1. *Lad.* Runne, Runne, good Madam call the Ladies in: Call for more womens helpe, the Queene is sicke.

2. *Lad.* For Gods love goe back againe, and warme more clothes:
O let the wine be well burned I charge yee.

Wil. I in any case, or I cannot drinke it, dost thou heare *Harry*, what a coyle they keepe: I warrant, these women will drinke thee up more wine with their Gossiping, then was spent in all the Conduits at thy Coronation.

Enter Lady Mary, and the Countesse of Salisbury.

King. 'Tis no matter *Wil.* How now Ladies.

Lad. Mary. I beseech your Grace command the foole forth of the presence.

King. Away *William*: you must be gone, here's womens matters in hand.

Wil. Let them speake low then, Ile not out of the roome, sure.

Count. Come, come let's thrust him out, he'l not stirre else.

Wil. Thrust me, nay, and yee goe to thtusting, Ile thrust some of you downe I warrant yee.

King. Nay, goe good *William*.

Wil. Ile out of their company *Harry*, they will scrarch worse then Cats, if they catch me, therefore ile hence and leave, God-boy Ladies,
Doe you heare Madam *Mary*,

You had need to be wary,

My newes is worth a white-Cake;

You must play at Tennis,

With old Saint *Dennis*,

And your Maiden-head must lye at the stake.

Exit.

King.

When you see mee, you know mee.

King. Ha, ha, the foole tels you true (my gentle sister)
But to our businesse, how fares my Queene?
How fares my *Lane*, has she a Sonne for me?
To raise againe our Kingdomes Sovereignty.

L. Mary. That yet rests doubtfull, O my Princely Lord.
Your poore distressed Queene lyes weake and sicke,
And be it Sonne or Daughter, deere she buyes it,
Even with her dearest life, for one must dye:
All Womens helpe is past. Then good my Leige,
Resolve it quickly if the Queene shall live,
The Child must dye: Or if it life receive,
You must your haplesse Queene of life bereave.

King. You pierce me with your newes, run send for helpe,
Spend the Revenewes of my Crowne for ayde.
To save the life of my beloved Queene:
How hap't she is so ill attended on,
That we are put to this extremity,
To save the Mother, or the Childe to dye?

Countesse. I beseech your Grace resolve immediately.

King. Immediately (saist thou) O 'tis no quick resolve
Can give good verdict in so sad a choyce:
To loose my Queene that is my summe of blisse,
More vertuous than a thousand Kingdomes be;
And should I loose my sonne (if Sonne it be)
That all my Subjects so desire to see;
I loose the hope of this great Monarchy.
What shall I doe?

Lady Mary. Remember the Queene my Lord.

King. I not forget her (Sister) O poore soule,
But I forget thy paine and misery,
Goe let the Child dye, let the mother live,
Heavens powerfull hand may more children give:
Away and comfort her with our reply,

Harry will have his Queene, though thousands dye,
I know no issue of her Princely wombe:

Why then should I prefer't before her life. *Exit Lady*
Whose death ends all my hopefull joyes on earth.
Gods will be done, for sure it is his will,

When you see mee, you know mee.

For secret reasons to himselfe best knowne :
Perhaps he did mould forth a Sonne for me,
And seeing (that sees all) in his creation,
To be some impotent and coward spirit,
Vnlike the figure of his royall Father :
Has thus decreed, least he should blurre our fame,
As whilome did the sixt King of my name
Loose all his Father (the *Henry*) wonne,
He thanke the Heavens for taking such a Sonne.
Who's within there? *Enter Compton.*

Compt. My Lord.

King. Goe *Compton*, bid Lord *Seymer* come to me,
The honor'd Father of my wofull Queene.
Now, now, what newes?

Lv. Ma. We did deliver what your Hignesse wil'd,
Which was no sooner by her Grace receiv'd :
But with the sad report, she seem'd as dead,
Which caus'd us stay ; after recovery,
She sent us backe, t' intreat your Majesty,
As ever you did take de'ight in her,
As you prefer the quiet of her soule,
That now is ready to forsake this life,
As you desire to have the life of one,
She doth intreat your Grace that she may dy,
Least both doe perish in this agony :
For to behold the infant suffer death,
Were endlesse tortures made to stop her breath.
Then to my Lord (quoth she) thus gently say,
The Child is faire, the Mother Earth and clay.

King. Sad Messenger of woe ; oh my poore Queen,
Canst thou so soone consent to leave this life,
So precious to our life, so deare to all,
To yeild the hopefull issue of thy loynes,
To raise our second comfort, well, be it so :
Ill, be it so : stay, I revoke my word,
But that you say helps not, for she must dye :
Yet if ye can save both, He give my Crowne :
Nay, all I have, and enter bonds for more,

Which

When you see mee, you know mee.

Which with my conquering sword with fury bent,
Ile purchase in the farthest Continent.
Use all your chiefeft skill, make haste away,
Whilst we for your successe devoutly pray.

Enter Lord Seymer.

Seym. All joy and happinesse betide my Sovereigne.

King. Ioy, be it good, Lord *Seymer*, Noble Father.
Or joy, or griefe, thou hast a part in it,
Thou comst to greet us in a doubtfull houre :
Thy Daughter and my Queene lyes now in paine,
And if I loose, *Seymer* thou canst not gaine.

Seym. Yet comfort good my Leige, this womans woe
Why ? 'Tis as certaine to her as her death,
Both given her in her first Creation :
It is a sower to sweet, given them at first
By their first Mother, then put sorrow hence :
Your Grace ere long shall see a gallant Prince.

King. Be thou a Prophet *Seymer* in thy words,
Thy love some comfort to our hopes affords,
How now ?

Enter two Ladies.

Count. My gracious Lord, heere I present to you,
A goodly Sonne ; see here your flesh, your bone,
Looke heere Royall Lord, I warrant 'tis your owne.

Seym. See here my Liege by the rood a gallant Prince.
Ha little cakebread foregod a chopping boy.

King. Even now I wept with sorrow, now with joy,
Take that for thy good newes, how fares my Queene.

Enter Mary, and one Lady.

Count. O my good Lord, the wofull —

King. Tell no more of woe, speake, doth she live ?
What ? Weepe ye all, nay then my heart misgives,
Resolve me sister, is the newes worth hearing ?

Lady Mary.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Lady Mary. Not worth the telling royall Sovereigne.

King. Now by Crowne, thou dimst my Royalty,
And with thy cloudy lookes eclipsst my joyes,
Thy silent eye bewrayes a ruthfull sound,
Stop in the Organs of my troubled Spirit :
Say, is she dead.

Lady Mary. Without offence she is.

King. Without offence, sayst thou, Heaven take my soule,
What can be more offensive to my life :
Then sad remembrance of my faire Queens death
Thou wofull man, that camst to comfort me,
How shall I ease thy hearts calamitie,
That cannot helpe my selfe, how one sad minute
Hath rais'd a fount of sorrowes in his eyes,
And bleer'd his aged cheekes, yet *Seymer* see,
She hath left part of her selfe, a sonne to me :
To thee a Gran-child, unto the Land a Prince,
The perfect substance of his royall Mother,
In whom her memory shal ever live ;
Phæn. x / anaobis, nato Phænice,
Dolendum secula Phænices nullatuisse duas.
One Phænix dying, gives another life,
Thus must we flatter our extreamest griefe.
What day is this ?

Com. Saint *Edwards* Even my Lord.

King. Prepare for Christening, *Edward* shall be his Name.

Enter the Cardinall, Embassadors, Bonner,
and Gardiner.

Wool. My Lords of *France*, you have had small cheere with us.
But you must pardon us, the times are sad,
And sorts not now for mirth and Banqueting,
Therefore I pray make your swift returne,
Commend me to your King, and kindly tell him,
The English Cardinall will remaine his friend,
The Lady *Mary* shall be forthwith sent,
And overtake yee ere you reach to *Dover* :

And

When you see mee, you know me.

And for the businesse that concernes the League,
Urge it no more, but leave it to my care.

Bonner. We thanke your grace, my good Lord Cardinall,
And so with thankfulness we take our leaves.

Wool. Happilie speed my honorable Lords,
My heart, If weare, still keepes you company,
Farewell to both, pray your King remember
My sute betwixt him and the Emperour,
Wee shall be thankfull, if they thinke on vs.

Par. We will be earnest in your cause my Lord,
So of your Grace we once more take our leaues.

Wool. Againe farewell, *Bonner* conduct them forth,
Now *Gardiner*, what thinkst thou of these times?

Gard. Well, that the league's confirmd, my gracious Lord:
Ill, that I feare the death of good *Queene Iane*,
Will cause new trouble in our state againe.

Wool. Why thinkst thou so?

Gard. I feare false *Luthers* doctrin's spread so farre,
Least that his Highnesse now vnmarried,
Should match amongst that sect of *Lutherans*,
You saw how soone his Maiestie was wonne,
To scorne the Pope, and *Romes* Religion,
When *Queene Anne Bullein* wore the Diademe,

Wool. *Gardiner* 'tis true, so was the rumor spread:
But *Woolfe* wrought such meanes she lost her head.
Tush feare not thou whilst *Harries* life doth stand,
Hee shall be King, but we will rule the land.

Bonner come hither, you are our trusty friend,
See that the treasure we haue gathered,
The Copes, the Vestments, and the Chalices,
The smoake pence, and the tributarie fees,
That English chimnies pay the Church of *Rome*,
Be barreld close within the inner seller,
Weele send it ouer shortly, to prepare
Our swift aduancement to Saint *Peters* chaire:
Be trustie, and be sure of honors speedily,
The King hath promised at the next election,
Bonner shall haue the Bishopricke of *London*.

C

Bon.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Bon. I humbly thanke your Grace.

Wool. And Gardiner shall be Lord of Winchester:
Had we our hopes, what shal you not be then,
When we haue got the Papall Diadem?

Exeunt.

Enter Brandon, Dudley, Gray, Seymer, Compton.

Brand. How now Sir William Compton, where is the King?

Comp. His Grace is walking in the Gallery,
As sad and passionate as e're he was.

Dud. Twere good you Grace went in to comfort him.

Brand. Not I Lord Dudley, by my George I sweare,
Vnlesse his Highnesse first had sent for me,
I will not put my head in such a hazzard,
I know his anger, and his spleene too well.

Gray. Tis strange, this humor hath his Highnesse held,
Ever since the death of good Queene Iane,
That none dares venture to conferre with him.

Enter Cardinal, Sommers, and Patch.

Dud. Heere comes the Cardinall.

Brand. I, and Two fooles after him, his Lordship is well attended
still.

Seym. Let's win this Prelate to salute the King,
It may perhaps worke his disgrace with him.

Wool. How now William, what? are you here too.

Will. I my Lord, all the fooles follow you, I come to bid my cosin
Patch welcome to the Court, and when I come to Yorke-house, he'l
do as much for me, will ye not *Patch*?

Patch. Yes cosin, hey, da, tere, dedell, dey, day.

Sing.

Wool. What are you singing sirra.

Will. Ile make him cry as fast anon I hold a penny.

Dud. God morrow to your Grace my good Lord Cardinall.

Wool. Wee thanke your honour.

Enter. King within.

King. What Compton, Carew,

Call within.

Bran. Harke, the King calls.

King. Mother of God, how are wee attended on? who waits
without?

Bran.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Bran. Goe in fir *William*, and if you find his Grace
In any milder temper then he was last night,
Let vs haue word, and we will visit him.

Comp. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Wool. What is the occasion, the King's so mou'd.

Bran. His Grace hath taken such an inward greife,
With sad remembrance of the Queene that's dead,
That much his Highnesse wrongs his state and person.
Besides in *Ireland*, do the *Burkes* rebell,
And stout *Pearcie* that disclos'd the plot,
Was by the Earle of *Kildare* late put to death,
And *Martin Luther* out of Germanie,
Has writ a booke against his Maiestie,
For taking part with proud Pope *Iulius*,
Which being spread by him through Christendome,
Hath thus incens'd his Royall Maiestie.

Wool. Tush, I haue newes my Lord, to salue that sore,
And make the King more fear'd through Christendome,
Then euer was his famous Ancestors:
Nor can base *Luther* with his Heresies,
Backt by the proudest germaine Potentate,
Heretically blurre King *Henries* fame:
For honour that he did Pope *Iulius*,
Who in high favour of his Majestie,
Hath sent *Campeus* with a Bull from Rome,
To adde vnto his Title this high stile:
That he and his faire posteritie,
Proclam'd, Defenders of the Faith shall be:
For which intent the holy Cardinals come,
As Legats from the Emperiall Court of Rome.

Gray. This newes my Lord, may something ease his mind,
'Twere good your Grace would goe and visit him.

Wool. I will, and doubt not but to please him well.

Seym. So, I am glad he is in, and the King be on better pleas'd then
he was at our last parting, he'll make him repent his saucines.

Bran. How now old *William*, how chance you goe not to the King
and comfort him.

Will. No birladie, my Lord, I was with him too lately alreadie,
his

When you see mee, you know mee.

his first is too heauie for a foole to stand vnder, I went to him last night, after you had left him, seeing him chafe so at *Charles* heere to make him merrie: and he gaue me such a boxe on the eare, that stroke me cleane through Three Chambers, downe foure paire of staires, fell ouer fise Barrels in the bottome of the sel' er, and if I had not well lickard my selfe there; I had neuer liued after it.

Brand. Faith *Will*, Ile giue thee a veluet coate, and thou canst but make him merrie.

Will. Will yee my Lord, and jle v enter another boxe on the eare but jle doe it.

Enter Compton.

Comp. Cleare the presence there, the King is comming,
Gods me, my Lords what meant the Cardinall,
So vnexpected thus to trouble him.

Gray. Is the King mou'd at it?

Enter the King and Woolfe.

Comp. Iudge by his countenance, see he comes.

Brand. Ile not iudure the storme,

Dud. Nor I.

Will. Runne foole, your Maister will be feld else

King. Did We not charge that none should trouble vs,

Presumptuous Priest, proud Prelate as thou art,

How comes it your are growne so sawcie sir?

Thus to presume vpon our patience,

And crosse our Royall thought disturb'd and vext,

By all your negligence in our estate.

Of vs and of our Countries happines?

Wool. My gracious Lord.

King. Fawning beast stand backe,

Or by my Crowne, jle foote the to the earth,

Where's *Brandor*, *Surrey*, *Seymer*, *Gray*,

Where is your counsell now, O now ye crooch,

And stand like pictures at our presence doore,

Call in our Guard, and beare them to the Tower,

Mother of God jle haue the Traitors heads,

Goe haile them to the blocke, vp, vp, stand vp,

Ile

When you see mee, you know mee.

Ile make you know your duties to our state,
Am I a cypher, is my sight growne stale,
Am I not *Harrie*, am I not Englands King, Ha.

William. So la. now the watch-words giuen, nay and he once cry
ha, neare a man in the Court dare for his head speake againe, lye close
cofin *Patch.*

Patch. Ile not come neere him cofin, has almost kild me with his
countenance.

King. Wee haue been too familiar now I see,
And you may dally with our Maiestie,
Where are my pages there?

Enter Pages.

Page. My Lord.

King. Trusse firra, none to put my garter on,
Giue me some wine, heer's stuffe a'th other side.
Proud Cardinal, who follow'd our affaires in Italy,
That wee that honor'd so Pope *Iulius*,
By dedicating bookes at thy request,
Against that vpstart sect of Lutherans.
Should by that Hereticke be banded thus?
But by my *George*, I sweare, if *Henry* liue,
Ile hunt base *Luther* through all *Germanie*,
And pull those Seven Electors on their knees,
If they but backe him against our Dignities.
Base slaue tie soft, thou hurtest my legge,
And now in *Ireland* the Burkes rebell,
And with his stubborn kernes make houely rodes
To burne the borders of the English Pale,
And which of all your counsels helps vs now?

Enter Compton With Wine.

Comp. Here's wine, my Lord.

King. Drinke, and be damb'd; I cry thee mercy *Compton*,
What the Diuell mentst thou to come behind me so,
I did mistake, ile make thee amends for it,
By holy *Paul*, I am so crost and vext,
I knew not what I did, and here at home,
Such carefull Statesmen do attend vs,

When you see mee, you know mee.

And lookes so wisely to our Common weale,
That we haue ill May-dayes, and riots made,
For lawlesse rebels do ditturbe our state,
Twelue times this tearme, haue we in person sate,
Both in the starre chamber, and Chauncerie Courts,
To heare our Subiects suites determined :
Yet 'tis your office *Woolfe*, but all of you
May make a Packhorse of King *Henry* now :
Well, what would ye say ?

Wool. Nothing that might displease your Maiestie,
I haue a message from the Pope to you.

King. Then keepe it still, wee will not heare it yet,
Get all of you away, auoid our presence,
Wee cannot yet command our patience,
Reach me a chaire.

Bran. Now *Will*, or never make the king but smile,
And with thy mirthfull toyces allay his spleene,
That we his Counsell, may conferre with him,
And by my Honor, jle reward thee well,
To him good *Will*.

Will. Not to fast, I pray, least *Will. Som.* nere be seene againe, I know
his qualities as well as the best on ye: for euer when he's angry, and
no body dare spake to him, yee thrust mee in by the head and shoul-
ders and then we fall to buisits, but I know who has the worst on't:
but go, my Lord, stand aside and stirre not till I call yee, let my co-
sin *Patch* and I alone, and hee goe a boxing wele fall both vpon him
thats certaine : but and the worst come, bee sure that the Cardinals
foole shall pay for't.

Bran. Vse your best skill, good *William*, jle not be seene, vnlesse
I see him smile.

Will. Where art thou cosin, alas poore foole, he's crept vnder the
table, vp cosin feare nothing, the stormes past, I warrant thee.

Patch. Is the King gone, cosin.

Will. No, no, yonder he sits, wee are all friends now, the Lords are
gone to dinner, and thou and I must waite at the Kings Table.

Patch. Not I birlady, I would not wait vpon such a Lord, for all
the liuings in the Land I thought he would haue kild my Lord Car-
dinall, he lookt so terribly.

Will.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Will. Foe, he did but jest with him, but jle tell thee cosin the rarest trick to be reveng'd at passes, and jle giue thee this fine silke point, and thou'lt doe it.

Patch. O braue, O braue, giue me it cosin, and jle do what so ere tis.

Will. I'll stand behind the post heere, and thou shalt goe softly stealing behind him, as he sits reading yonder, and when thou com'st close to him, cry boh, and we'll scare him so, he shall not tell where to rest him.

Patch. But will he not be angry?

Will. No no, for then jle shew my selfe, and after he sees who tis, he'll lasse and bee as merry as a mag-pie, and thou't bee a made man by it, for all the house shall see him hug thee in his armes, and dandle thee vp and downe with hand foot as thou wert a football.

Patch. O fine, come cosin, giue me the point first, and jle rore so loud that jle make him beleue that the diuels come.

Will. So doe and feare nothing, for an thou wert the Diuell himselfe, hele coniure thee I warrant thee, I would not haue such a Coniuring for Twenty Crownes: but when hee has made way, jle make him merry enough, I doubt it not, so so, now cosen looke to your Coxecombe.

Patch. Boe.

King. Mother a God what's that?

Patch. Boe.

King. Out asse, and tumble at my feete,
For thus jle spurne the vp and downe the house.

Patch. Helpe cosen, helpe.

Will. No cosin, now he's conjuring, I dare not come neere him.

King. Who set this nat'rall heere to trouble me. *Enter Compt.*

Whose that which stands now lassing there, the foole, ha, ha,
Wheres Compton. Mother a God I haue found his drift, 'tis the craftiest old villaine in Christendome, marke good Sir *William*, because the foole durst not come neere himselfe, seeing our anger, sent this silly Asse, that wee might wreake our Royall spleene on him: whilest he stands lassing to behold the jest, bith' blessed Lady, (*Compton*) jle not leaue the foole, to gaine a Million, he contents me so, come hither *Will.*

Will. Ile know whether yee haue done knocking first, my cosen
Patch lookes pitifully, ye had best be friends with vs I can tell you:
we'll

When you see mee, you know mee.

weele leare you out of your skin else.

King. Alas, poore Patch, hold firra, ther's an Angell to buy you points.

Will. Law cosin, did not I say heel' make much on ye.

Patch. I cosin, but has made ~~Oh~~ a singing in my head I cannot see where I am.

Will. All the better cosin, and your head fall a singing, your feet may fall a dancing, and so saue charges to the Piper.

King. *Will.* *Summers*, prethee tell me why didst thou send him first?

Will. Because Ile haue him haue the first frutes of my furie. I know how the matter stood with the next that disturb'd thee therefore I kept i'th rereward, that if the battaile grew too hot, I might run presently.

King. But wherefore came ye?

Will. To make thee leane thy melancholy, and turne merry man againe: thou hast made all the Court in such a pittifull case as passes, the Lords has attended here this foure dayes, and none dares speake to thee, but thou art ready to choppe of their for't: and now I seeing what a fretting furie thou continuest in, and euery one said'twold kil thee if thou keptst it, puld eene vp my heart, and vowd to loose my head, but jde make thee leaue it.

King. Well *William*, I am beholding to ye, Ye shall haue a new Coate and cap for this.

Will. Nay then, I shall haue two new coats and caps, for *Charles Brandon* promised me one before, to performe this enterprife.

King. He shall keepe his word *Will*, goe call him in,
Call in the Lords tell them our spleene is calm'd;
Mother a God, we must giue way to wrath,
That chafes our Royall blood with anger thus:
And vse some mirth I see to comfort vs.

Draw neere vs Lords, *Charles Brandon* list to me:

Will *Summers* here must haue a coate of you,
But *Patch* has earned it dearest, where's the foole?

Will. Hees eene creeping as neere the doore as he can,
Heele fa ine begone I see, and he could get out,
Wouldst thou not cosin?

Patch. Yes cosin *Will*. I'de faine be walking, I am afraid I am not as I should be.

Will.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Will. Come I'll helpe thee out then, dost thou heare my Lord Cardinall, your foole is in a pitifull taking, he smelleth terribly.

Wool. You are too crattie for him *William.*

King. So is he *Woolsey* credit me.

Will. I thinke so my Lord, as long as *Will* liues, the Cardinals foole must giue way to the kings foole.

King. Well sir be quiet, and my reuerend Lords,
I thanke you for your patient suffering,
Wee were disturbed in our thoughts we sweare,
We now intreat you speake, and we will heare,

Wool. Then may it please your sacred Majesty.
Campeus Legate to his Holinesse,
Attends with Letters from the Court of Rome.

King. Let him draw neere we'll giue him audience.
Dudley and *Gray*, Attend the Cardinall,
And bring *Campeus* to our presence here
Dud. Gray. We goe my Lord.

Enter Lords, and Legats.

King. *Brandon* and *Seymer*, place your selues by vs,
To heare this Message from his Holinesse,
You Reverent Princes, Pillars of the Church:
Legats Apostolike, how fares the Pope?

Campeus. In health great King, and from his sacred lips,
I bring a blessing Apostolicall
To English *Henry* and his Subiects all:
And more to manifest his loue to thee,
The prop and pillar of the Churches peace:
And gratifie thy loue made plaine to him,
In learned bookes 'gainst *Luthers* Heresie,
He sends me thus to greet thy Maiestie:
With stile and titles of high Dignitie,
Command the Heralds and the Trumpets forth.

Seym. Gentlemen dispatch and call them in:

Will. Lord blesse vs what's here to doe now?

Cam. Receiue this Bull sent from his holinesse,
For confirmation of his dignitie

When you see mee, you know mee.

To thee, and to thy faire posteritie.

Will. Tis well the King is a widdower, and yee had put forth your Bull with his hornes forward, I haue mard your message, I can tell yee.

King. Peace *Will.* Heralds attend him.

Camp. Trumpets prepare whilst we aloud pronounce
This sacred message from his Holinesse,
And in his reverent name I heere proclaim
Henrie the Eight by the Grace of God,
King of *England, France, and Ireland;*
And to this title, from the Pope we giue,
Defender of the Faith in Peace to liue.

Wool. Sound Trumpets, and God saue the King.

King. We thanke his Holinesse for this Princely fauour,
Receiving it with thanks and reuerence:
In which whilst we haue life, his Grace shall see,
Our sword defender of the Faith shall bee,
Goe one of you salute the Maior of *London,*
Bid him with Heralds and with Trumpets sound,
Proclaime our Titles through his government,
Goe *Gray,* see it done, attend him fellowes:

Gray. I goe my Lord, Trumpets follow me.

Exit.

King. What more Lord Legate doth his Holinesse will,

Camp. That *Henrie* joyning with the Christian Kings
Of *France* and *Spaine, Denmarke,* and *Portugale,*
Would send an Armie to assaile the Turke,
That now invades with warre the Isle of Rhodes,
Or send Twelue Thousand Pounds to be dispos'd,
As his Holinesse thinkes best for their reliefe.

Will. I though so, I knew't would bee a money matter, when al's done, now th'art defender of the Faith, the Pope will haue thee defend every thing: himselfe and a'l.

King. Take hence the foole.

Will. I, when can ye tell? dost thou thinke any oth Lords will take the foole, none here, I warrant, except the Cardinals.

King. What a knavish foole's this, Lords you must beare with him, come hither, *Will,* what saist thou to this new title given vs by
the

When you see mee, you know mee.

the Pope, speake, is't not rare?

Will. I know not how rare it is, but I know how deare twill be, for I perceiue t'will cost thee Twelue Thousand Pounds, at least, besides the Cardinals cost in coming.

King. All that's nothing, the title of Defender of the Faith is worth ye twise as much, say, is it not.

Will. No by my troth, dost heare old *Harile*; I am sure the true faith is able to defend it selfe without thee, and as for the Popes faith (good faith's) not worth a Farthing, and therefore giue him not a penny.

King. Goe too sirra, meddle not you with the Popes matters.

Will. Let him not meddle with thy matters then, for, and he meddle with thee, I'll meddle with him thats certaine, and so farewell, Ile goe and meete my little young Master Prince *Edward*, they say hee comes to Court to night, Ile to horsebacke, prethee *Harry* send one to hold my sturup: shall I tell the Prince what the Pope has done?

King. I and thou wilt *Will*, he shall be Defender of the Faith too one day.

Will. No, and he and I can defend our selues, we care not, for we are sure the faith can. *Exit.*

King. Lord Legate, so we reverence Rome and you,
As nothing you demaund, shall be denied:
The Turke will we expell from Christendome,
Sending stout souldiers to his Holinesse,
And money to relieue distressed *Rhodes*:
So if you please, passe in to banquetting.
Goe Lords attend them, *Brandon* and *Compton* stay,
Wee haue some businesse to conferre vpon.

Comp. We take our leaue.

Exit.

King. Most hearty welcome to my reverent Lords,
So, now to our businesse, *Brandon* say,
Heare ye no tidings from our Sister *Marie*,
Since her arriuall in the Realme of *France*?

Bras. Thus much we heard my Lord, at *Calice* met her
The youthfull *Dolphin*, and the Peeres of *France*:
And brauely brought her to the King at *Towres*,
Where he both married her, and crown'd her Queene.

King. Tis well, but *Brandon* and *Compton* list to me,

When you see mee, you know mee.

I must imploy your aide and secrecie,
This night we meane in some disguised shape,
To visit *London*, and to walke the round,
Passe through their watches, and obserue the care,
And speciall diligence to keepe our peace.
They say night-walkers houely passe the streets,
Committing theft, and hated sacriledge:
And slightly passe vnstaied, or vnpunished,
Goe *Compton*, goe, and get me some disguise,
This night we'le see our Citties Gouvernment.
Brandon doe you attend at *Baynards-Castle*,
Compton shall goe disguise along with me,
Our swords and bucklers shall conduct vs safe,
But if wee catch a knock to quit our paine,
Wee'll put it vp, and hye vs home againe.

Exit.

*Enter the Constable and Watch: Prichall the
Cobler being one bearing a
Lant-horne.*

Constable. Come Neighbours, we haue a straight command,
Our watches be seuerely lookt into:
Much theft and murder was committed late,
There are two straungers, Marchants of the *Stillyard*.
Cruelly slaine, found floating on the *Thames*;
And greatly are the Stewes had in suspect,
As places fitting for no better vse,
Therefore be carefull, and examine all,
Perhaps we may attach the murderer.

1. Watch. Nay I assure yee Maister Constable, those Stew-houses
are places of much slaughter and redemption, and many cruell deeds
of equitie and wickednesse are committed there, for diuers good men
loose both their money and their computation by them, I abjure yee;
how say you neighbour *Prichall*?

Cob. Neighbour *Capcase*, I know you're a man of courage, and
for the merrie Cobler of *Lime-street*, though I sit as low as Saint
Faiths, I can looke as high as Saint *Pauls*: I haue in my dayes walkt
to

When you see mee, you know mee.

to the stewes as well as my Neighbours, but if the mad wenches fall to murdering once, and cast men into the *T Thames*, I haue done with them, ther's no dealing, if they carry fire in one hand, and water i'th rother.

Constable. Well Masters wee are now plac't about the Kings
(businesse,

And I know all ye are sufficient in the knowledge of it

I need not to repeat your charge againe:

Good neighbours, vse your greatest care I pray,

And if unruly persons trouble yee,

Call and jle come : so sirs goodnight.

Exit Constable.

1. Watch. Godyegodnight and Twentysir, I warrant yee, yee need not reconcile to our charge, vor some on vs has discharged the place this Forty yeare I am sure. Neighbours what thinke you best to be done?

Cob. Euery man according to his calling neighbour, if the enimie come, here lies my towne of Garison, I set on him as I set on a patch, if he tread on this side, I vnderlay him on this side, or pricke him thorow both sides, I yerke him, and tricke him, pare him and peece him, then hang him vp beth heeles till Sunday.

1. Watch. How say yee, by my faith Neighbour *Prishall* ye speake to the purpose, for indeed neighbours, euery fenceles watch-man is to seeke the best reformation to his owne destruction.

2 Watch. But what thinke yee neighbours, if euery man take a nap now i'th fore hand eth'night, and goe to bed afterward.

Cob. That were not amisse neither, but and you'le take but euery man his pot first, you'le sleepe like the man ith' Moone faith.

2 Doe ye thinke neighbour, there is a man i'th Moone?

1 Wat. I assure yee in a cleare day, I haue seen't at midnight.

2 Wat. Of what occupation is he trow?

Cob. Some thinkes he's a shepheard, because ons dog, some sayes he's a Baker going to heate his Oven with a baven ats backe, but the plaine truth is, I thinke he was a Cobler, for ye know what the song saies, I see a man i'th Moone, fie man, fie, I see a man ith' Moone, clowting S. *Peters* Shoone, & so by this reason, he should be a Cobler.

Watch. By my fekings he saith true, alas, alas, good man *Dormant*.

When you see mee, you know mee.

hath even giuen vp the Ghost already, tis an honest quiet soule I warrant yee.

Cob. It behoues vs all be so, how do ye neighbour *Dormouse*?

Dor. Godspeed yee, godspeed yee, nay and yee goe a Gods-name, I haue nothing to say to yee.

Cob. Lawe yee, his minds on's businesse, though he be nere so sleepeie.

Cob. Come lets all joyne with him and steale a nap, euery man my maisters to his feuerall stail.

Cob. Agreed Godnight good neighbours.

Cob. Nay, lets take no leaue, ile but winke a while, and see you againe.

Enter King, and Compton, with bills on his backe.

King. Come sir *William*,
We may now stand vpon our Guard you see,
The watch has giuen vs leaue to Arme our selues,
They feare no daunger, for they sleepe secure:
Goe carrie those bills we tooke to *Baynards Castle*,
And bid *Charles Brandon* to disguise himselfe,
And meet me presently at *Grace Church* corner,
We will attempt to passe through all the watches,
And so I tak't t'will be an easie taske,
Therefore make hast.

Comp. I will my Liege.

King. The watch-word if I chance to send to ye,
Is the great Stagge of *Baydon*, so my name shall be.

Comp. Inough, weele thinke on it *Exit.*

King. So, now weele forward, soft yonders light,
I, and a watch, and all asleepe burlady:
These are good peaceable Subiects, her's none
Beckens to any, all may passe in Peace: *Ho sirrha.*

Cob. Stand, who goes there?

King. A good fellow. Stand's a hainous word eth' Kings high-way:
you haue beene at Noddie, I see.

Cob. I, and the first card comes to my hand's a knaue.

King. I am a Courtcard indeed.

Cob. Then thou must needes be a knaue, for thou art neither King
nor Queene, (I am sure) But whether goest thou?

King.

When you see mee, you know mee.

King. About a little businesse that I haue in hand.

Cob. Then good night, prethee trouble me no longer.

King. Why this is easie enough, her's passage at pleasure,
What wretch so wicked, would not giue faire words
After the foulest fact of Villanie,
That may escape vnseene so easily,
Or what should let him that is so resolu'd
To murder, rapine, theft, or sacriledge?
I see the Cittie are the sleepeie heads,
To do it, and passe thus examined.
Fond needlesse men, what bootes it for a King,
To toyle himselfe in his high state affaires,
To summon Parliaments, and call together
The wisest heads of all his Prouinces:
Making statutes for his Subiects peace,
That thus neglecting them, their woes increase.
Well weele further on, soft here comes one,
He stay and see, how he escapes the watch.

Enter Black Will.

Black Will. So now I am got within the Cittie, I am as safe as in
a Sanctuarie: It is a hard world, when *Black Will.* for a venture of
fue pound, must commit such pettie robberies at *Mile-end*, but the
plaine truth is, the Stewes from whence I had my Quarteridge is now
growne too hote for mee: ther's some suspicion of a murther lately
done vpon Two Marchants of the *Stilliard*, which indeed as farre as
some fue or sixe staobes comes too, I confesse I had a hand in. But
mumbudget, all the Dogs in the towne must not barke at it. I must
with draw awhile till the heate be ore, remooue my lodging, and liue
vpon darke nights and misty Mornings. Now let me then see, the
strongest watch in London intercept my passage.

King. Such a fellow would I faine meet with all:
well ouerraken sir.

Black Will. Sblood come before me sir,
What a Diueil art thou?

King. A man at least.

Black. And art thou valiant.

King.

When you see mee, you know mee.

King. I carry a Sword and Buckler yee see.

Black. A sword and a buckler, and know not me,
Not *Black Will*?

King. No trust mee.

Black Will. Slaue, then thou art neither Traueller, nor Purse-taker: for I tell thee, *Black Will* is knowne and feared through the Seauenteene Prouinces: ther's not a sword & buckler man in *England* nor *Europe*, but has a tast of my man-hood. I am tole-free in all Citties and the Suburbs about them: this is my Sconce, my Castle, my Cittadell, and but King *Harry*, God blesse his Maiestie, I feare not the proudest.

King. O yes, some of his Guard.

Black Will. Let his guard eat's beefe and be thankfull, giue mee a man will couer himselfe with his buckler, and not booge and the Diuell come.

King. Me thinks thou wert better liue at Court as I doe,
King *Harry*, loues a man, I can tell yee.

Black Will. Would thou and all the men hee keepes were hang'd, and ye loue not him then: but I will not change my retenues for all his guards wages.

King. Hast thou such store of liuing?

Black Will. Art thou a good fellow?
May I speake freely, and wilt not tell the King on't?

King. Keepe thine owne counsell, and feare not,
For of my faith the King shall know no more for mee then thou telst him.

Will. And I tell him any thing let him hang me: but for thy selfe, I thinke if a fat purse come ith' way, thou wouldst not refuse it. Therefore leaue the Court and sharke with mee, I tell thee, I am chiefe Commander of all the Stewes, ther's not a whoore shifts a smocke, but by my priuiledge, nor opens her shop before I haue my weekly tribute: And to assure thee my valour carries credit with it, doe but walke with me through the streets of *LONDON*, and let me see the proudest watch disturbe vs.

King. I shall be glad of your conduct sir.

Black. Follow me then and I'll tell thee more.

Wat. Stand, who goes there?

Black. A good fellow: come close regard them not.

a Watch.

When you see mee, you know mee.

2 *Watch.* How shall we know thee to be a good fellow?

Blacke Will. My names *Blacke Will.*

1 Oh, God giue yee good night, good Master *Blacke Will-*
am.

2 God boy sir, God boy,
I am glad we are so well rid on him.

Will. Law sir, you see here's egressse enough, (againc.
Now follow mee, and you shall see wee'le haue regresse backe

1 *Watch.* Hoe comes there?

Cob. Come afore the Constable.

1 *Will.* What haue ye forgot me so soone? tis I.

2 *Watch.* O, 'tis Master *Blacke William.*
God blesseye sir, God blesse ye.

Black. How lik'st thou now?

King. Faith excellent : but prethee tell mee, dost thou face
the world with thy man-hood, that thus they feare, or art
thou truly valiant?

Blacke Will. Sfoote, dost thou doubt of my man-hood,
Nay then defend your selfe, ile giue you a triall presently, be-
take yee to your tooles sir, ile teach yee to stand vpon Inter-
gatories.

King. I am for yee, there's neere a man the King keepes shall
refuse yee : but tell mee, wilt thou keepe the Kings Act for
fighting.

Black. As yee please sir, yet because th'art his man, ile obserue
it, and neither thrust nor strike beneath the knee.

King. I am pleas'd sir, haue at you sir.

they fight.

1 *Watch.* Helpe Neighbours, O take yee to your browne
Billes, call vp the Constable, heeres a peece of chance-meddle
ready to be committed : set on good-man *Sprichall.*

Cob. Ile ferke them a both sides, lye close neighbour *Dor-*
mouise, keepe the Kings peace, I charge yee, helpe M. Constable.

Enter the Constable.

Con. Keepe the peace, or strike them downe.

Black. Sownes, I am hurt, hold I say.

2 *Watch.* Let them not passe neighbours, heeres blood-shed
drawne vpon one of the Kings Officers.

Con. Take away their weapons, and since you are so hot, ile
E
set

When you see mee, you know mee.

set you where you shall becoole enough.

Black Will. Sownes the Moones a wayning harlot, with the glimpse of her light I lost his point, and mistooke my ward, had neere brocht my blood else.

Con. Pray sir what are you?

King. I am the Kings man sir, and of his Guard.

Con. More shame you should so much forget your selfe,

[For as I tak't, tis parcell of your oath,

As well to keepe his peace, as guard his person,

And if a Constable be not present by,

You may as well as he, his place supply :

And seeing yee so neglect your oath and dutie,

Goe bare them to the Counter presently,

There shall yee answer for these misdemeanors.

2 Has broake my head sir, and furthermore it bleeds.

Con. Away with them both, they shall pay thee well ere they come forth I warrant thee.

Will. I beseech ye sir.

King. Neuer intreat man, wee shall haue baile I doubt it not, But Maister Constable, I hope youle doe me this fauour to let one of your watch-men goe of an errand for me, if I pay him?

Con. With all my heart sir, heres one shall goe.

King. Hold thee good fellow, here's an Angell for thee, goe thy way to *Baynards Castle*, and as for one *Brandon*, hee serues the Duke of *Suffolke*, and tell him his bedfellow, or the great stagge of *Baydon*, this night is clapt ith Counter, and bid him come speake with me. Come Constable lets goe, firrha make hast.

Exit.

Cob. I warrant you sir, and this bee all, jde haue done it for halfe the money : well, I must enquire for one *Brandon*, and tell him the great stagge of *Baydon* is ith Counter, burlady I doubt they be both craftie knaues, and this is some watch-word betweene them : beth masse I doubt hee nere came well by his money, hee's so liberall, well jle forward.

Enter.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Enter Brandon, and Compton.

Bran. Sir William, are you sure it was at Grace-Church
His Maiestie appointed we should meet him?
We haue been there and mist him, what thinke ye sir?

Com. Good faith I know not.
His Highnesse is too venturous bold, my Lord:
I know he will forsake himselfe in this,
Opposing still against a world of oddes.

Bran. Good faith tis true: but soft here comes one,
How now good-fellow, whether goest thou?

Cob. It lyes in my authority sir,
To aske you that question.
For I am one of the Kings watch, I can tell ye.

Com. Then perhaps thou canst tell vs some tiding:
Didst thou not see a good lustie tall big set man, passe
through your watch to night?

Cob. Yes sir, there was such a man came to our watch to
night, but none that past through, for he behaued himselfe so,
that he was laid hold on quickly, and now he is forth comming
in the Counter.

Bran. And whither art thou going?

Cob. Faith sir, has giuen me an Angell, to doe an errand for
him at *Baynards Castle*, to one *Brandon* that serues the Duke of
Suffolke: he sayes he is his Bed-fellow, and I must tell him, the
great stagge of *Baydon* is ith' Counter.

Bran. If thine errand bee to *Brandon*, I can faue thee a labour
for I am the man thou look'st for, we haue beene seeking him
almost all this night: hold thee ther's an Angell for thy newes,
ile baile him I warrant thee.

Exit.

Cob. I thanke you sir: but hees not so soone bailde, as you
thinke for, ther's two of the Kings watch has their heads broke,
and that must bee answered for, but all's won to mee, let them
shuffell as they will, the Angels has flowne about to night, and
two guls are light into my hands, and these jle keepe, let him
get out as he can.

Exit.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Enter, the King in prison.

King. Hoe, Porter, whose without there

Porter. What's the matter now? will yee not goe to bed to night?

King. No trust me, 'twill be morning presently,
And I haue hope I shall be bailed ere then:

I prethee if thou canst, entreat some of the Prisoners to keepe me company a paire of houres, or so: and wee'll spend them ethe rouse of healths, and all shall be my cost.

Say, wilt thou pleasure me?

Port. If that will please yee sir, ye shall not want for company, heres jnow that can tend it, they haue hunger & ease enough at all times.

King. There's a couple of Gentlemen in the next Roome, I prethee let them come in, and ther's an *Harrie* Soueraigne for thee.

Port. I thanke you sir, I am as much beholding to you, as to King *Harry* for it.

Exit.

King. I, I assure thee thou art,
Well M. Constable, you haue made the Counter.

This night, the Royall Court of *Englands* King:

And by my crowne I sweare, I would not for

A Tousand Poundt' were otherwise.

The Officers in Citties, now I see,

Are like an Orchard set with seuerall Trees,

Where one must cherish one, rebuke the other:

And in this wretched Counters I perceiue,

Money playes fast and loose, purchases fauour,

And without that, nought but misery.

A poore Gentleman hath made complaint to me,

I am vndone (quoth he) and kept in prison,

For one of your fellowes that serues the King,

Being bound for him, and he neglecting me,

Hath brought me to this woe and misery.

Another Cittizen there is, complains

When you see mee, you know mee.

Of one belonging to the Cardinall,
That in his Masters name hath taken vp
Commodities, valued at a Thousand Pound,
The payment being deferd hath caus'd him breake,
And so is quite vndone. Thus Kings and Lords I see,
Are oft abusde by seruants treacherie.
But whist a while, here comes my fellow Prisoners.

Enter the Prisoners.

I Pri. Where's this Bullie Gri, this lad of life, that will
scowre the Counter with right renish to night? Oh Sir you are
welcome.

King. I thanke yee sir, nay weelee bee as great as our word, I
assure ye. Heere Porter, ther's money, fetch Wine I prethee:
Gentlemen you cannot be merry in this Melancholy place, but
here's a lad has his heart as light as his Purse. Sirra, thou art
some mad slaue I thinke, a regular companion: one that vses
to walke a nights, or so. Art thou not?

I Pri. Harke ethen eare, th'art a good fellow.

King. I am right borne I assure thee.

I Pri. King Harrie loues a man, and thou a woman:
Shall I teach thee some wit?

And tell the why I meet thee heere?

I went and set my lime-twigs, and I thinke

I got some Hundred Pound

By a crooked measure at *Coomer-parke*:

And now seejng ther's watch laid,

And much search for suspicious perions:

I got one as honest as my selfe to arrest me

By a contrary name, and lay me eth counter,

And heere I know they'le nere seeke me,

And so when the heats ore, I am at libertie,

And meane to spend my crownes lustilie:

How likst thou this my Bullie?

King. An excellent policie.

I Pri. But mum, no words, vse it for your selfe, or so.

King. O Sir, feare not, bee merry Gentlemen: Is not this
wine

When you see mee, you know mee.

Wine come yet? Gods me, forget our chiefe guest, wheres my sword and buckler-man? Wheres *Blacke Will*? How now man, Melancholly? let not a little wipe make vs enemies, clap hands, and be friends.

Will. My bloods vp still (hands.

King. When tis at highest 'twill fall againe, come handes, *Blacke Will*, Ile shake hands with thee, because thou carriest a Sword and Buckler, yet th'art not right Caeleere, thou knowst not how to vse them, th'aste a heauie arme.

King. I, a good smart stroke.

Will. Thou cutst my head indeed, but 'twas no play, thou layest open enough, I could haue entred at my pleasure.

King. Nay I haue stout guard I assure ye.

Will. Childish to a man of valour, when thou shouldst haue bornethy buckler heere, thou letst it fall to thy knee, thou gauest me a wipe, but twas meere chance: but had wee not beeing parted, I had taught ye a little Schoole play I warrant yee.

Brandon speaks without.

Bran. What hoe, porter: who keepes the gates there?

Port. Who knocks so fast?

Enter Brandon and Compton hastily

Comp. Stand by sirrah.

Port. Keepe backe I say, whither will ye presse amongst the prisoners?

Bran. Sirrah to the Court, and we must in.

Port. Why sir, the Courts not kept ith Counter to day.

Bran. Yes when the King is there,
All happinesse betide our Soveraigne.

Will. Sownes King *Harry*.

Pri. Lord I beseech thee no.

Omnes. Wee all intreat your Grace to pardon vs.

King. Stand vp good men: beshrew you *Brandon* for discovering vs, we shall not spend our time so well this moneth: but ther's no remedie now, the worst is this,

The Court good fellowes must be remoued the sooner,

Ye all are Courtiers yet. Nay, nay, come foreward.

Even now you know we were more familiar:

You see policies holds not alwaies currant,

I am

When you see mee, you know mee.

I am found out, and so I thinke will you be :
Goe Porter let him be remoued to *Newgate*,
This place I see is too secure for him :
Wele send you further word for his bestowing.

1 *Pri.* I beseech your Grace.

King. Theres no grace in thee, nor none for thee :
Goe, away with him. *Exit Porter and Prisoner.*

Will. Sownes I shall to *Tyburne* presently.

King. Gentlemen, you that haue beene wrong'd by my ser-
vants and the Cardinals, shall giue me neerer notes of it,
Both what they are, and how much debt they owe yee
Send your petitions to the Court to me,
And doubt not but you shall haue remedie :
Ther's Fortie Angels, drinke to King *Harries* health,
And thinke withall, much wrong Kings men may doe
The which their Masters nere consent vnto.

2 *Pri.* God blesse your Maiestie with happy life,
That thus respects your wofull Subiects griefe.

King. Wheres *Blacks Will*, nay come neerer man,
I came neerer you though ye mislike my play.

Will. Beth' Lord, your Maiestie's the best sword and buckler
man in *Europe*, ye lye as close to your wards, carrie your point
as faire, that no Fencer comes neere ye for gallant Fence-play.

King. Nay, now ye flatter me.

Will. Foregod ye broake my head most gallantly.

King. I but twas by chance yee know, but now your heads
broake, you looke for a plaister I am sure.

Will. And your Grace will giue mee leaue, Ile put it vp and
goe my waies presently.

King. Nay soft sir, the keeper will deny yee that priuiledge,
Come hither sirrah, because yee shall know King *Harrie* loues
a man, and I perceiue ther's some mettall in thee, ther's Twenty
Angels for thee, marry it shall bee to keepe ye in prison still, till
wee haue further vse for yee. If ye can breake through watches
with egres and regres so valiantly, yee shall doo't amongst your
Countries enemies:

Will. The Wars sweet King, tis my delight, my desire, my
chaire of State, create me but a tattord Corporall, and giue me
some

When you see mee, you know mee.

some preheminance ouer the vulgar hot-shots, and I beat them not forward to as braue attempts, and march my selfe yth Vant guard, as ere Cannon against a Castle wall, breake my head in two places more, and consume mee with the mouth of a double culvering, lbe liue and dye with thee sweet King.

King. Twill bee your best course sir, goe take him in,
When we haue need of men, wee le send for him,

Will. God blesse your Maiestie, jle goe drinke to your health.
Exit.

King. Begone sir, keeper I thanke you for your lodging,
Nay indeed I doe, I knowe had ye known vs, it had been better.
Pray tell the Constable that brought vs hither,
We thanke him, and commend his faithfull seruice.
Gentlemen lets heare from you, and so God morrow,
Keeper, ther's for my fees, discharge the offices :
And giue them charge that none discover vs,
Till we are past the Cittie : in this disguise we came,
Weele keepe vs still, and so depart againe.
Once more God morrow, you may now report,
Your Counter was one night King *Henries* Court.
Away and leaue vs, *Brandon* what further newes? *Exit.*

Bran. The old King of *France* is dead my Liege,
And left your sifter *Marie* a young widdow,

King. God forbid man, what ~~not~~ so soone I hope,
She has not yet been married Fortie daies :
Is this newes certaine?

Bran. Most true my Lord.

King. Alas poore *Mary*, so soone a widdow,
Before thy wedding robes be halfe worn out :
We must then prepare black funerall garments too,
Well, wee le haue her home, the league is broake :
And wee le not trust her safety with the French.
Charles Brandon you shall goe to *France* for her,
See that your traine be richly furnished,
And if the daring *French* braue thee in attempts
Of Honor, Barriers, Tilt and Turnament :
So to retaine her, beare thee like thy selfe,
An English man, dreadlesse of the proudest :

And

When you see mee, you know mee.

And highly scorning lowly hardinesse.

Brau. I shall my Sovereigne, and in her Honour,
Ile cast a Challenge through all the Court :
And dare the proudest Peere in *France* for her.

King. Commend me to the Ladie *Katherine Parry*,
Giue her this Ring, tell her on Sunday next
She shall be Queene, and crown'd at *Westminster* :
And *Anne of Cleau* shall be sent home againe :
Come sirs, wee leaue the Citty, and the Counter now,
The day begins to breake, lets hie to Court,
And once a quarter we desire such sport.

Exit.

*Enter the Cardinall reading a Letter, Bonner in his
Bishops Robes.*

Wool. My reverend Lord of *London*,
Our trustie friend, the King of *France* is dead
And in his death, our hopes are hindred :
The Emperour too, mislikes his praises,
But wee shall crosse him for't I doubt it not :
And tread vpon his pompe Imperiall,
That thus hath wrong'd the English *Cardinall*.

Bon. Your Graces letters by *Campes* sent,
I doubt not but shall worke your full content.

Wool. I, that must be our safest way to worke,
Money will make vs men, when men stand out :
The Bastard *Fredericke* to attaine the place,
Hath made an offer to the *Cardinals*,
Of Threescore Thousand Pound, which we will pay
Three times thrice double, ere wee loose the day.

Enter Will Summers, and Patch.

Patch. Come coulen *William*, Ile bring yee to my Lord
Cardinall presently.

Will. I thanke yee coulen, and when you come to the Court
Ile bring you to the King againe, yee know coulen, hee gaue

F

ye

And

When you see mee, you know mee.

Yee an Angell.

Patch. I, but he gaue me such a blowoth' care for it, as I care not for comming in's sight againe while I liue.

Woolfe. How now *Patch*, who haue you got there? what *Will Summers*, welcome good *William*.

Will. I thanke your Grace, I hard say your Lordshippe had made two new Lords here, and so the two old fooles are come to waite on them.

Bon. Wee thanke ye *William*.

Patch. Your Lordship will be well guarded, & we follow ye, The Kings foole, and the Cardinals, and we are no small fooles I assure yee.

Will. No indeed, my cousen *Patch* heere, is something too square to be set on your shooe, marrie and youle weare him on your shoulder, the foole shall aide yee.

Wool. A shrewde foole *Bonner*, come hither *William*, I haue a quarrell to you since your last ryming.

Will. About your faire Lemman at *Charlton* my Lord, I remember.

Bon. You speake plaine *William*.

Will. Yee never knew foole a flatterer I warrant yee.

Wool. Well *Will*, ile trie your ryming wits once more, What say you to this?

The bells haag hie, and lowd they crie, what doe they speake?

Will. If you should die, there's none would cry, though your necke should breake.

Wool. You are something bitter *William*: But come on, once more I am for yee. A rod in Schoole, a whip for a foole, is alwaies in season.

Will. A halter and a rope, for him that would be Pope, Against all right and reason.

Wool. Hees too hard for me sti'l, Ile giue him ouer, come tell me *Will*, whats the newes at Court?

Will. Marry my Lord, they say the King must bee married this morning.

Wool. Married *Will*, to whome I prethee?

Will. Why, to my Ladie *Katherine Parry*; I was once by, when he was wooing on her, and then I doubted they would go together

When you see mee, you know mee.

together shortly.

Wool. Holy Saint *Peter* sheeld his Maiestie,
She is the hope of *Luthers* heresie:
If she be Queene, the Protestants will swell,
And *Cranmer*, Tutor to the Prince of *Wales*,
Will boldly speake 'gainst *Romes* Religion,
But Bishops wee to Court immediately,
And plot the downfall of these *Lutherans*:
You two are Tutors to the Princesse *Mary*,
Still ply her to the Popes obedience,
And make her hate the name of protestant:
I doe suspect that *Latimer* and *Ridley*,
Chiefe teachers of the faire *Elizabeth*,
Are not found Catholiques, nor friends to Rome,
If it be so, wee soone remoue them all:
Tis better they should die, then Thousands fall.
Come follow vs *Manet Will*, and *Patch*.

Exeunt omnes.

Will Your Lord's mad, till hee be at the Wedding, twas mar-
vell the King stole it so secretly and neere told him ont, but all
one, if he bee married, let him play with his Queene to night:
and then to morrow hee cal for me, theres no foole to thee *Will*,
foole still. What shall we doe couzen?

Patch. Ile goe get the key of the Wine-seller, and thou and I
keepe a passage there to night.

Will. Wee haue but a little wit betweene vs already couzen,
and so we should haue none at all.

Patch. When our wits bee gone, wee sleepe eth seller, and I
lie without our wits for one night.

Will. Content, and then eth morning wee but wet them
with an other cup more, and thail shaue like a rasor all day af-
ter. Come close good cuzze, let no bodie goe with vs, least
they be drunke before vs, for fooles are innocents, and must
be accessarie to no mans overthrow.

Exit.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Sound Trumpets.

*Enter King, Queene Katherine, Cardinall, Seymer, Dudley, Gray,
Enter Compton, crying Hoboyes.*

King. Welcome Queene Katherine, seate thee by our side,
Thy sight faire Queene, by vs thus dignified,
Earles Barons, Knights, and Gentlemen,
Against ye all, wee be chiefe Challenger,
To fight at Barriours, Tilt, and Tournament,
In honour of the faire Queene Katherine.

Quee. We thanke your highnesse, and beseech your Grace,
Forbeare such hazard of your Royall person,
Without such honors is your handmaid please,
Obediently to yeeld all loue and dutie,
That may besee me your sacred Maiestie.

King. God a mercie, but where are our Children?
Prince Edward, Marie, and Elizabeth,
The Royall issue of Three famous Queenes,
How haps we haue not seene them heere to day?

Dud. They all my Liege attend your Maiestie,
And your faire Queene, so within the presence heere.

King. Tis well, Dudley call Cranmer in,
He is chiefe Tutor to our Princely Sonne,
For precepts that concernes Divinitie.

Enter Cranmer.

And here he comes, Cranmer, you must ply the Prince,
Let his wast houres be spent in getting learning:
And let those linguists for choyce languages,
Be carefull for him in their best indeauours,
Did Doctor Ty^e, ply him to Musicke hard,
Hees apt to Learne, therefore be diligent,
He may requite your loue when we are gone.

Cran. Our care and dutie shall be had my Lord.

King. Wee thanke yee.

I tell thee Cranmer hee is all our hopes,
That what our age shall leaue vnfished,
In his faire raigne shall be accomplished.

Goe

When you see mee, you know mee.

Goe and attend him, how now *Will. Summers*, what's the newes with you?

Will. Summers.

Will. I come to bid thee and thy new Queene Godmorrow. Looke to him *Kate* least he cozen thee, provide ciuill Orenge enough, or heele haue a Lemmon shortly.

Quee. God a mercie *Will*, thou tell me then, wilt thou not?

Will. I and watch him too, or let him nere trust me: but doest heare *Harry*, because I de haue thee haue the poores prayers, I haue brought thee some Petitions, the Fryers and Priests pray too, but I thinke tis as Children say grace, more for fashion then devotion, therefore the poores prayers ought to bee soonest heard, because they beg for Gods sake, therefore I prethee dispatch them,

King. Read them *Seymer*.

Seymer. The humble Petition of the Lady *Seaton*, for her distressed Sonne, that hath in his owne defence, vnhappily slaine a man.

King. The Lady *Seaton*, Gods holy Mother, Her sonne has had our pardon twise already, For two stout Subiects that his hand hath slaine.

William. And any had said so but thou *Harry*, I de haue told him a lide, he nere kild but one, thou kildst the tother: for and thou hadst hang'd him for the first, the two last had been aliuie still.

King. The foole tels true, they wrong our Maiestie That seeke our pardon for such crueltie: Away with it.

Will. Giue mee it againe, it shall nere be seene more I assure ye: and I had knowne it had come for that purpose it should nere haue been brought for *Will* I warrant yee.

Seymer. This other comes from Two poore Prisoners eth Counter.

King. Wee know the iafide then, come giue them me. Lord Cardinall, heeres one is dedicated to you. Hold read it: whose there? *Compton* enquire for *Rookesby* a Groome of the wardrope, and bring him hither.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Comp. I will.

King. Cardinall, what find ye written there?

Woolfe. Mine owne discredit, and the vndoing of an honest Cittizen, by a false seruant.

Will. Tis not your foole my Lord I warrant ye.

Wool. No *Will*?

Will. I thought so, I knew twas one of your knaues, for your fooles are harmelesse.

Quee. Well said *Will*, thou louest thy maisters credit I know?

Will. I *Kate*, as well as any Courtier he keepes :
I had rather he should haue the poores prayers, then the Popes.

Quee. Faith I am of thy mind *Will*, I thinke so too.

King. Take heed what ye say *Kate*, what a *Lutheran*?

Wool. Tis heresie faire Queene, to thinke such thoughts.

Queen. And much vncharitie to wrong the poore?

Will. Well, and when the Pope is at best, he is but Saint *Peters* Deputy, but the poore, present Christ, and therefore should be something better regarded.

King. Goe too foole.

Wool. Sirrha, youle be whipt for this.

Will. Would the King wood whip thee and all the Popes whelpes out of *England* once, for betweene yee, ye haue racks and puld it so, we shall be all poore shortly, you haue had Foure Hundred threescore pound within this three yeare for smoake-pence, you haue smoakt it yfaith : dost heare *Harry*, next time they gather them, let them take the Chimneys, and leaue the Coyne behind them, we haue clay enough to make Bricke, though we want siluer mines to make money.

King. Well *William* your tongue is priuiledged,

Wool. But my good Liege, I feare there's shrowder heads, Although kept close, has set this foole a worke,
Thus to extirpe against his holinesse.

Will. Doe not you thinke so my Lord, nor stomacke nobodie about it : yee know what the old Prouerbe saies, therefore be patient, great quarrellers small credit winnes :

When fooles set stoules, and wise men breake their shinnes.

Therefore thinke not on it, for ile sit downe by thee *Kate* and say

When you see mee, you know mee.

nothing, for here comes one to be examined.

Enter Compton and Rookesby.

King. O sir, you're welcome, is your name Rookesby?

Rookes. Your poore seruant is so cald my Lord.

King. Our seruant we ghesse ye by the cloath ye weare, but for your pouertie tis doubtfull, your credit is so good. Let a see whass the mans name, ha! *Hopkins*, doe you know the man?

Rookes. *Hopkins*? No my Lord.

King. Had you neuer no dealings with such a man?

Rookes. No, if it like your Maiestie.

King. No, if it like our Maiestie, saucie varlet:
It likes vs not our Maiestie thou shouldst say no:
It likes vs not, thou liest, for that we know.
You know him not, but he too well knowes you,
And lies imprisoned slaue, for whats thy due.

Rookes. Sure some envious man hath misinform'd.

King. Darst thou denie it still, out-facing knaue,
Mother a God, ile hang thee presently.
Sirra ye lie: and though ye weare the Kings cloath,
Yet we dare tell ye so before the King:
Slauē thou doest know him.

He heere complains he is vndone by thee,
And the Kings man hath caused his miserie.
Yet youle out face it still, denie, forswear, & lie sir, ha?

Will. Not a word more, if thou louest thy life, vnlesse thou'rt
confesse all, and speake faire.

Rookes. I doe beseech your Grace.

King. Out perjurde knaue, what doest thou serue the King,
And darest thou thus abuse our Maiestie:
And rong my Subiects by thy trecherie?
Thinks thou fallie thee so, thou shalt be priniledged:
Because th'art my man, to hurt my people?
Villaine those that guard me, shall regard my Honour:
Put off that coate of prooffe, that st ong security
Vnder which ye march like a halbertere,
Passing through purgatorie, and non dare strike:

When you see mee, you know mee.

A Serieants mace must not presume to touch
Your sacred shoulders with the Kings owne writ,
Gods deere Lady, does the cloth ye weare,
Such priuiledge and strong prevention beare.

Ha, it's *Rookesbie*?

Rookes. My Royall Lord,

Enter a Messenger in haste.

King. Take that, and know your time to tell your
Message, Sirra, I am busie.

Will. So, ther's one seru'd : I thinke you would take two more
with all your heart, so you were well rid on him.

Rookes. Your pardon good my Liege.

King. Ha, pardon thee : I tell thee did it touch thy life in
ought more then mine owne displeasure, not the world should
purchase it vilde Caytiffe : hadst thou neglected this thy dutie
to our persons danger : Hadst thou thy selfe against me ought
attempted, I might be sooner wonne to pardon thee, then for
a Subjects hatefull iniurie.

Quee. Let me intreat your Grace to pardon him.

King. Away *Kate*, speake not for him,
Out of my lenitie I let him liue,
Discharge him from my cloath and countenance,
To the Counter to redeeme his Creditor,
Where he shall satisfie the vtmost mite
Of any debt, default or hindrance :
He keepe no man to blurre my credite so,
My cloath shall not pay what my seruants owe.
Away with him.

Exit.

Now my Lord Cardinall, speakes not your paper so ?

Car. Yes my good Lord, your Grace hath showne a patterne,
To draw forth mine by, I assure your Highnesse,
The punishment inflicted on your man,
Is meant for my seruants that beares such minds,
Their Maisters thus but serue them in their kinds.

King. Where's this fellow now that brings this newes?

William. Hee is gone with a flea in his eare : But has left his
Message

When you see mee you know mee.

Message behind with my Lord *Dudley* here.

King. And whats the newes?

Dud. Duke *Brandon* my Liege.

King. Oh, hee's return'd from *France*.

And w ho comes with him?

Dud. His Royall wife. my Lord.

King. Ha! royall wife: whose that?

Dud. Your Highnesse sister, the late Q. of *France*.

King. Our sister *Queene* his wife: who gaue him her?

Gray. Tis sed they were married at *Doner*, my Liege.

King. T'were better he had nere seene the Towne.

Dares any Subiect mixe his blood with Ours, without our leaue?

Enter Brandon and Mary.

Dud. He comes himselfe my Leige, to answere it.

Bran. Health to my Sovereigne.

King. And our Brother *King*, your Message is before yee sir:
Off with his head.

Bran. I beseech your Grace giue me leaue.

King. Nay, you haue taken leaue. away with him, bid the
Captaine of our Guard, conuay him to the Tower.

Bran. Heare me my Lord.

King. Audacious *Brandon*, think'st thou excuse shall serue?

Lady Mary. Right gracious Lord.

King. Go too, your prayers wil scarce saue your selfe.
Durst ye contract your selfe without our knowledge?
Hence with that hare-braine Duke to the Tower I say,
And beare our carelesse sister to the Fleete;
I know sir, you broke a Lance for her,
And brauely did vnhorse the Challengers:
Yet was there no such prize set on her head,
That you without our leaue should marry her.

Quee. O my Lord, let me intreat for them.

King. Tut *Kate*, though thus I seeme
A while to threaten them,
I meane not to disgrace my sister so:

G

Away

When you see mee, you know mee.

Away with them. What say ye Lords,
Is he not worthy of death for his misdeed?

Bon. & Gar. Vnlesse your Grace shall please to pardon him.

King. He deserves it then?

Bon. & Gar. He does my Liege.

King. You are Knaves and fooles, and ye flatter me:
Gods holy Mothe, Ile not have him hurt, for all your heads:
Deare *Brandon*, I embrace thee in mine armes:
Kind sister I love you both so well,
I cannot dart another angry frowne
To gaine a Kingdome: here take him *Mary*,
I hold thee happier in this English choice,
Then to be *Q.* of *France*: *Charles*, love her well.
And tell on *Brandon*, whats the newes in *France*?

Brav. The League is broke betwixt the Emperour,
And the young King of *France*: Forces are mustring
On either part my Lord, for horse and foote.
Hot variance is expected speedily,
The Emperour is marching now to *Landersey*,
There to invade the Towne of *Burgondie*,

King. God and S. *George*, weel'e meete his Maiesty.
And strike a League of Christian a nity.
Lord Cardinall, you shall to *France* with speed,
And in our name salute the Emperour,
Weel'e give direction for our Embassage,
The next faire wind, shall make us *France* to greet,
Where *Charles* the Emperour, and King shall meet.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Cranmer, Doctor Tye, and young Browne
meets them with the Princes cloake
and Hat.

Cran. How now young *Brown*, what haue you there?

Brown. The Princes cloake and hat my Lord.

Cran. Where is his Grace?

Brown. At Tennis with the Marquis *Dorset*.

Cran. You and the Marquesse, draw the Princes mind

To

When you see mee, you know mee.

To fellow pleasure, and neglect his booke,
For which the King blames vs. But credit me,
You shall be soundly paid immediately.

Brow. I pray ye good my Lord, ile goe call the Prince away.

Cran. Nay, Now ye shall not, whose within there, ho ?

Servant. My Lord.

Cran. Goe beare this yongster to the Chappell strait,
And bid the Maister of the Children whippe him well :
The Prince will not learne sir, and you shall smart for it.

Brow. O good my L. ile make him ply his booke to morrow.

Cran. That shall not serue your turne, away I say, *Exit.*

So sir, this policie was well deuil'd : Since hee was whipt thus
for the Princes faults,

His Grace hath got more knowledge in a moneth,

Than he attain'd in a yeere before,

For still the fearefull boy to saue his breech,

Doth hourelly haunt him wheresoere he goes.

Tye. Tis true my Lord, and now the Prince perceiues it,

As loath to see him punisht for his faults,

Plies it of purpose to redeeme the boy,

But pray my Lord, lets stand aside awhile,

And note the greeting twixt the Prince and him.

Cran. See where the boy comes & the Kings foole with him,
Lets not be seene, but list their conference.

Will. Nay boy, and yee crie youle spoyle your eye-sight, come
come trusse vp your hose, you must hold fast your wind, both
before and behind, and blow your nose.

Browne. For what foole ?

Will. Why for the mote in thine eye, is there not won in't,
wherefore dost thou crie else ?

Brow. I prethee *Will.* go cal the Prince from the Tenniscourt.

Will. Dost thou crie for that ? nay then I smell a Ratte, the
Prince has plaid the trewant to day, and his Tutors has drawne
blood of thy buttocks for't : why boy tis honorable to bee
whipt for a Prince.

Browne. I would hee would either leaue the Tenniscourt and
plie his booke, or giue me leaue to be no Courtire.

Will. I, for ile besworne thy breech lies i'th hassard about it,

When you see mee, you know mee.
but looke little Ned, yonder he comes.

*Enter the Prince, and the young Marquis with
Rackets, divers attending.*

Marq. Some Rubbers for the Prince.

Servant. Heere my good Lord.

Prince. One take our Rackets, and reach me my Cloake,
By my faith Marquis, you are too hard for me.

Mar. Your Grace will say so, though ye over-match me.

Prin. Why how now *Browne*, what's the matter?

Bro. Your Grace loyters, and will not ply your booke, and
your Tutors has whipt me for it.

Prin. Alas poore Ned, I am sorrie for it, Ile take the more
paines, and intreate my Tutors for thee: yet in troth, the lectors
they read me last night out of *Virgill* and *Ovid*, I am perfect in;
onely I confesse I am something behind in my Greeke Au-
thors.

Will. And for that speech, they have declin'd it uppon his
breech.

Prin. And for my Logicke, thou shalt witnesse thy selfe I am
perfect: for now will I proove, that though thou wert whipt
for me, yet this whipping was good for thee.

Mar. Ile hardly beleewe you my Lord, though *Ramus* him-
selfe should proove it: well *Probr.*

Prince. Marke my Probleme.

Bona virga facit Bonum puerum:

Bonum est, id esse bonum puerum:

Ergo bona virga, res bona est: And that's this Ned.

A good rodde makes a good boy: 'tis good that thou
shouldest be a good boy: (*ergo*) therefore a good rod is
good.

Will. Nay berlady, the better the rodde is, 'tis the worse for
him, that's certaine: but do'st heare me, boy; since he can
proove a rodde to be so good, let him tak't himselfe the next
time.

Prin. In truth, I pittie thee, and inwardly I feele the stripes
thou barest, and for thy sake, Ned, Ile plie my booke the faster;

When you see mee, you know mee.

in the meane time, thou shalt not say, but the Prince of Wales will honourably reward thy service : come *Browne*, kneele downe.

Will. What, wilt thou Knight him, Ned ?

Pr. I will ; my father ha's knighted many a one, that never shedde droppe of blood for him ; but he ha's often for mee.

Will. O brave ! he lookes like the myrror of Knighthood already.

Enter Compt. Cleere the presence, Gentlemen, the King is comming.

Prince. The King ? Gods me, reach me my booke : call my Tutors in : come *Browne*, Ile confirme thy Knighthood afore the King.

Enter the King.

Mar. Here be your Tutors my Lord, and yonder the King comes.

Prin. Health to your Maiesty.

King. Godamercie Ned ; I, at your booke so hard, 'tis well, 'tis well ; now Bishop *Crammer*, and good Doctor *Tye*, I was going to the gallorie, and to have had your Scholler with me, but seeing you'r so busie, Ile not trouble him, come on *Will*, come, goe you along with me, what make you among the Schollers here ?

Will. I come to learne my qui, que, quod, to keepe me from the rod : marry her's one was whipt in pudding time, for he ha's gorton a Knight-hood about it : looke old *Harrie*, doe's he not looke more furious than he was wont ?

King. Who *Will*. young *Browne*, Gods Mary Mother his Father is a gallant Knight, as any these south parts of England holds.

Will. He cannot compare with his Son tho, if he were right *Dorsal Delphebus*, or the very Knight of the Sunne himselfe, yet this Knight shall unhorse him.

King. When was he made a Knight *Will* ?

Will. Marry 'th last action, I can assure you, there was hot service,

When you see mee, you know mee.

vice, and some on um came so neere him, they had like to smelt on't: but when all was done the poore Gentleman was pittifully wounded in the backe parts, as may appeare by the scarre, if his Knightship would but untrusse there.

King. But who knighted him *William*?

Will. That did Ned heere: and he has earnd it too, for I am sure, this two yeere he has beene lasht, for his learning.

King. Ha, how, come hither Ned, is this true?

Pri. It is my Lord, and I hope your Highnesse will confirme my deed.

King. Confirme it, Gods holy Mother, what shrewd boyes are these: *Crazmer* and *Tye*, doe yee obserue the Prince, now by my Crowne young Ned thou hast honor'd me.

I like thy Kingly spirit, that loues to see

Thy friends aduanc'd to tipes or dignitie.

Yong Knight come hither, what the Prince hath done

Wee here confirme, be still sir *Edward Browne*:

But heare ye Ned, now you haue made him Knight,

You must giue him some liuing, or else tis nothing.

Will. I by my troth, he is now but a Knight vnder *Forma Pa-*
pris, for a Knight without liuing, is no better than an ordinarie Gallant.

King. Well, what will ye giue him Ned?

Prince. When I haue heard of something that may doe him good, I will intreat your Majestie for him, and i,th meane time from mine owne allowance Ile maintaine him.

King. Tis well said, but for your sake Sonne *Edward*, wele provide for him: *Cranmer*, see presently a Patent drawne, wherein wee will confirme to him from our Exchequer a Thousand Markes a yeere.

Brow. I thanke your Majestie.

And as I am true Knight, Ile fight and die for yee.

Will. Now if your Tutors come to whip ye, you may chuse whether youle vntrusse bith' order of armes.

King. Well *Ned*, see yee plie your learning, and lets haue no more Knights made in this Action, looke to him *Browne*, if he loyter, his Tutors will haue you vp for't.

Browne.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Browne. I hope my Lord, they dare not whip me now:

King. Berladie Sir, that's doubtfull.

Will. If they doe, he shall make thee a Lord, and then they dare not.

King. Well *Cranmer* weele leave yee, when your Pupill has done this taske yee set him now, let him come and visite us : on Gentlemen into the Galery.

Pri. Heaven keepe your Maiesty.
Gentlemen draw neare.

Exit.

Tie. God morrow to your Grace:

Pri. God morrow Tutors at Noone, 'tis God even, is it not?

Cran. We saw not your Grace to day.

Pri. O ye quippe me cunningly for my Trewantship, that I was not at my booke to day, but I have thought of that ye read read lost night, I assure ye.

Cran. Wee doubt it not faire Prince : Lords, Gentlemen give leaue.

Will. All void the roome, theres but Schollers and fooles.

Cran. I hope your Excellence can answere me in that Axiom of Philosophie, I propounded to yee.

Prince. I promise yee Tutor, 'tis a Probleme to mee, for the difference of your Authors opinions, makes mee differ in mine owne : some say, *Omne animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*, that euerie living creature is, or man, or beast.

Will. Then a womans a beast, for shes no man.

Pri. Peace *William*, youle be expul't else : And againe some Authors affirme, that euerie beast is foure-footed.

Will. Then a fooles no beast, for he has but two.

Prin. Yet againe *Will.*

Will. Mum Ned, no words, ile be as still as a small bagpipe.

Cran. *Omne Animal est, aut homo, aut bestia*, And thus tis
prooued

When you see mee, you know mee.

prooued my Lord, *Omne Animal, est rationalis, vel irrationalis;*
Homo est rationalis, Bestia irrationalis,

Ergo omne Animal, homo est, vel bestia :

Mongst all the creatures in this Vniuerse,
Or on the earth, or flying in the ayre,
Man onely reason hath, others only sence,
So what is onelie sensuall, is not man, but beast :
For man both sence and reason hath :

So everie creature, hauing one of these, is sure, or man, or
beast : and though all beasts are not foure-footed.

Will. Thats certaine, a Louse has sixe.

Cran. I beseech your Grace.

Pri. Away *William.*

Will. Not a word more as I am *William.*

Cran. For many beasts haue wings seruing in stead of feet,
and some haue hornes, of which we thus esteeme, *Animal cor-*
nutum, non habet dentes supremas, No horned beast hath teeth a-
bove the roose.

Will. Thats a lye, a Cuckold has.

Pri. Thrust the foole out of the presence there.

Will. Well, *Cedent arma toge,* The Schollers shall haue the
fooles place.

Exit. Will.

Pri. Well *Cranmer,* you haue made me able to prooue a man
no beast, if hee prooue not himselfe so, wee now leaue this :
And now resolute mee for Divinitie, *Cranmer* I loue yee, and I
loue your Learning, speake and weele heare yee :

Cran. God giue you truth that you may giue it me,
This Land ye know stands wauering in her Faith,
Betwixt the Papists and the Protestants,
You know we all must die, and this flesh
Part, with her part of immortallitie.

Prim. Tutor, I do beleue both Heaven and Hell :
Doe you know any third place for the soules abode
Cal'd Purgatorie, as some would haue me thinke,
For from my sister *Mary* and her Tutors,
I haue oft received Letters to that purpose :
I loue ye *Cranmer,* and shall beleue what ere ye speake,
Therefore I charge ye tell the truth.

Cran.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Cran. How thinks your Grace, is there a place of Purgatorie or no?

Pri. Truly I thinke none, yet must I urge to you whats said To me, this world you know hath beene Five thousand yeeres Still increasing, still decreasing, still replenish't, How long it will be, none knowes but he that made it, We all do call our selves Gods Children, yet sure some are not But thinke ye Tutor that the compasse of that heaven and hell Is able to containe those foules so numberlesse. That ever breathed since the first breath was given, Without a *Tertium*, or a third place?

Cran. Who puts these doubttes within your Graces head, Are like their owne beliefe, flight, and unregarded, And is as easily answered and confuted:

*Quod est infinitum, non habet finem,
Calum est opus Dei, opus Dei est infinitum:
Ergo Calum, est infinitum.*

That which is infinite hath no end at all, For that eternity, that everlasting essence, That did concord Heaven, Earth, and Hell to be, Is of himselfe all infinite, that heaven & hell are so, His power, his workes, and words doe witnesse it, For what is infinite, hath in it selfe no end, Then must the heavens which is his glorious seat, Be incomprehensible containing him, Then what should need a third place to containe A world of infinites so vast and maine?

Prince. I thanke ye *Cranmer*, and do believe yee, What other proofes have bin maintain'd to me Or shall be, you shall know and ayd me in them: Ynough for this time, who's there? Doctor *Tye*, Our Musicks Lecturer? pray draw neare: Indeed I take much delight in ye.

Tye. In Musicke may your Grace ever delight, Though not in me, Musicke is fit for Kings, And not for those knowes not the chime of strings.

Pri. Truly I love it, yet there are a sort Seeming more pure thā wise, that wil upbraid at it,

H

Calling

When you see mee, you know mee.

Calling it idle, vaine, and frivolous.

Tye. Your Grace hath said, indeed they doe upbraid
That tearme it so, and those that doe are such
As in themselves no happy concords hold,
All Musick jaires with them, but sounds of good,
But would your Grace a while be patient,
In Musicks praise, thus will I better it.
Musicke is heavenly, for in Heaven is Musicke,
For there the Seraphins do sing continually,
And when the best was borne, that ever was man,
A Quire of Angels sang for joy of it,
What of Celestiall was reveal'd to man,
Was much of Musick, tis said the beasts did worship,
And sang before the Deitie supernall,
The Kingly Prophet sang before the Arke,
And with his Musicke charm'd the heart of *Saul*,
And if the Poet faile us not my Lord,
The dulcet tongue of Musicke made the stones,
To moove, irrationall beasts, and birds to dance,
And last, the Trumpets Musick shall awake the dead,
And cloath their naked bones in coates of flesh,
T'appeare in that high house of Parliament,
When those that gnash their teeth at Musicke sound,
Shall make that place where Musick nere was found.

Pri. Thou givest it perfect life, skilfull Doctor
I thanke thee for the honour'd praise thou givest it,
I pray the let's heare it too. (tun'd instruments.)

Tye. 'Tis ready for your Grace, give breath to your loud
Loud Musicke.

Prince. 'Tis well, mee thinkes in this sound I proue a com-
pleat age.

As Musicke, So is man govern'd by stops,
Aw'd by dividing notes, sometimes aloft,
Sometime below, and when he hath attain'd,
His high and lofty pitch, breathed his sharpest and most
Shrillest ayre, yet at length 'tis gone,
And fals downe flat to his conclusion, (Soft Musicke)
Another sweetnesse, and harmonious sound,

A milder

When you see mee, you know mee.

A milder straine, another kind agreement,
Yet 'mong' st these many strings, be one untun'd
Or jarreth low, or higher than his course,
Not keeping steddie meane among' st the rest,
Corrupts them all, so doth bad men the best.

Tye. Ynough, Let voyces now delight his Princely eare.

A Song.

Pri. Doctor, I thanke you and commend your cunning,
I oft have heard my Father merrily speake,
In your high praise, and thus his Highnesse saith,
England, one God, one truth, one Doctor hath
For Musicks Art, and that is Doctor *Tye*,
Admir'd for skill in Musicks harmony.

Tye. Your Grace doth honour me with kind acceptance,
Yet one thing more, I doe beseech your Excellence
To daigne to patronize this homely worke,
Which I unto your Grace have dedicate.

Pri. What is the Title?

Tye. The Acts of the holy Apostles turn'd into verse,
Which I have set in severall parts to sing,
Worthy Acts, and worthily in you remembred.

Pri. Ile peruse them, and satisfie your paines,
And have them sung within my fathers Chappell:
I thanke you both. Now ile crave leave a while
To be a little idle: pray let our Linguists,
French and *Italians*, to morrow morne be ready
I must conferre with them, or I shall leese
My little practise, so God-den good Tutors.

Exit.

Cran. Health to your Highnesse, God increase your dayes:
The hope of *England*, and of Learnings praise.

Enter Bonner, and Gardiner reading.

Bon. What have ye here my Lord of *Winchester*?

Gar. Heriticall and damned heresies,
Precepts that *Cranmer*'s wisedome taught the Prince,
The Pope and we are held as Heritickes,
What think'st thou *Bonner* of this wavering age?

Bon. As Sea-men doe of stormes, yet hope for faire weather
Berlady *Gardiner* we must looke about.

When you see mee, you know mee.

The Protestants begin to gather head,
Luther hath sowne well, and *Englands* ground
Is fat and fertile to increase his seed,
Heres lofty plants, what, *Bishops* and *Prelates*,
I nobility temporall, but we shall temper all
At the returne of our high *Cardinall*.

Gard. *Bo.* 'tis true, but in meane time we must
Prevent this ranckor that now swels so bigge,
That it must out, or breake, they have a dangerous head.
And much I feare.

Bon. What, not the King I hope?

Gard. 'Tis doubtfull he will bend, but sure

Qu. *Katherin's* a strong *Lutheran*, hard ye not
How in presence of the King and *Cardinall*,
She did extirpe against his holinesse.

Bon. But had our English *Cardinall* once attain'd,
The high possession of *Saint Peters* Chaire,
Hee'd barre some tongues that now have scope too much,
'Tis he must doe't *Gardiner*, 'tis a perilous thing,
Queene Katherine can do much with *Englands* King.

Gard. I *Bonner*, that's the summe of all,
There must be no *Queene*, or the *Abbies* fall.

Bon. See where she comes with the Kings Sister,
And from the Princes lodging, lets salute her.

Gard. God morrow to your Maiesty

Quee. God morrow to my reverent Lords of *London*
and of *Winchester*, saw ye the King to day?

Bon. His Highnesse was not yet abroad this morning,
But here we will attend his Excellency.

Quee. Come sister weele go see his Maiesty.

La. Mary. We will attend ye Madam.

Quee. Gentlemen set forward God morrow Lords.

Gard. Ill morrow must it be to you or us,
Conspirators 'gainst men religious,
Bonner, these *Lutherans* doe conspire I see,
And scoffe the Pope and his supremacie.

Bon. Let's strike in time then, and incense the King,
And sudainely their states to ruine bring:

The

When you see mee, you know mee.

The Trumpets sounds, it seemes the Queene is comming,
Weele watch and take advantage cunningly.

*Enter the King, Queene, Lady Mary, Brandon, Seymer,
Gray, and Dudley.*

King. Wher's *Brandon*?

Bran. My Liege.

King. Come hither *Kate*.

Bran. Did your Grace call?

King. Ile speake we ye anon, Ile speak we ye anon: Come
Kate let's walke a little, whose there? My Lords of London and
of *Winchester*, welcome, welcome: by this your Maister the
Cardinall I troe, has parted with the Emperour, and set a League
betweene the *French* and him; Mother of God,
I would our selfe in person had beene there,
But *Wolseys* diligence we need not feare,
Ha, thinke ye he will not?

Gard. No doubt he will my Lord.

King. I *Gardiner* 'twill be his best policy,
Their friendship must advance his dignity.
If ere he get the Papall governance,

Dud. And that will never be I hope.

Seymer. 'Twere pittie it should.

Gray. Hee's proud enough already.

King. Haw, what's that ye talke there?

Bran. They say my Lord hee's gone with such a traine,
As if he should be elected presently.

King. Fore-god 'tis a gallant Priest, come hither *Charles* pre-
thee let me leane a thy shoulder, by Saint *George*, *Kate* I grow
stiffe me thinks.

Quee. Wil't please your Highnesse sit and rest your selfe?

King. No, no *Kate*, Ile walke still, *Brandon* shall stay mine
arme, i' me fat and pursie, and 'twill get me a stomacke: Sawst
the Prince to day *Kate*?

Quee. I my good Lord.

King. God bleesse him, and make him fortunate, I tell yee
Lords, the hope that *England* hath, is now in him, fore-god
I thinke old *Harrie* must leave ye shortly; well, Gods will be

When you see mee, you know mee.

done, heerle be old shuffling then, ha, will there not? well, you say nothing, pray God there be not, I like not this difference in religion I, Gods deere Lady, and I live but seaven yeeres longer, weele take order throughly.

Bon. We heare that *Luther* out of *Germany* Hath writ a booke unto your Maiesty, Wherein he much repents his former deeds, Craving your Highnesse pardon, and withall Submits himselfe unto your Graces pleasure.

King. *Bonner* 'tis true, and we have answered it, Blaming at first his haughtie insolence, And now his lightnesse and inconstancie. That writ he knew not what so childishly.

Gar. Much blood-shed there is now in Germanie, About this difference in religion, With *Lutherans*, *Arians*, and *Anabaptists*, As halfe the Province of *Helueria*, Is with their tumults almost quite destroy'd.

Quee. Me thinks 'twere well my Royall Sovereaigne Your Grace, the Emperour, and the Christian Kings, Would call a Councell and peruse the bookes, That *Luther* writ against the Catholikes, And superstitions against the Church of *Rome*, And if they teach a truer way to Heaven, Agreeing with the Hebrew Testament, Why should they not be read and followed?

King. Thou saist well *Kate*, so they agree with the scriptures, I thinke 'tis lawfull to peruse and reade them speake Bishops?

Gar. Most unlawfull my deare Sovereaigne, Vnlesse permitted by his Holinesse.

Quee. How proove ye that my Lord?

King. Well said *Kate*, to them againe good wench, Lords give us leaue a while, avoid the presence there, weele heare the Bishops and the Queene dispute.

Quee. I am a weake Scholler my Lord, But on condition that your highnesse, nor these reverent Lords, Will take no acception at my womans wit, I am content to hold the Argument:

And

When you see mee, you know mee.

And first with reverence to his Majesty.

Pray tell me, why would you make the King beleeve,
His Highnesse and the people under him,
Are tide to strictly to obey the Pope?

Ban. Because faire Queene he is Gods Deputie.

Quee. So are all Kings, God himselfe commands
The King to rule, and people to obey.
And both to love and honour him:

But you that are sworne servants unto *Rome*,
How are ye faithfull Subjects to the King,
When first you serve the Pope, then after him?

Gard. Madam, these are that sects of *Lutherans*,
That makes your highnesse so mistake the scriptures,
Your slender Argumnets thus answered
Before the King, God must be worshipped.

Quee. 'Tis true, but pray you answer this:
Suppose, the King by Proclamation,
Commanded you, and every of his Subjects,
On paine of death, and forfeit of his goods,
To spurne against the Popes authority:
Ye know the Scripture binds ye to obey him,
But this I thinke, if that his Grace did so,
Your slight obedience all the world should know.

King. Gods-mother *Kate*, thou'lt toucht them there,
What say ye to that *Bonne*?

Ban. Were it to any but her Maiesty,
These questions were confuted easily.

Qu. Pray tell the King then, what scripture have ye
To teach Religion in an unknowne Language?
Instruct the ignorant to kneele to Saints,
By bare-foote pilgrimage to visite shrines,
For money to release from Purgatory,
The vildest villaine, thiefe, or murtherer,
All this the people must beleeve you can,
Such is the dregs of *Roomes* Religion.

Gard. I, those are the speeches of those Heritickes,
Cranmer, *Ridley*, and blunt *Latimer*,
That daily raile against his Holinesse,

Filling

When you see mee, you know mee.

Filling the Land with hatefull heresies.

Queen. Nay bee not angry nor mistake them Lords,
What they haue said or done, was mildly followed,
As by their Articles are evident.

King. Where are those Articles *Kate*?

Queen. Ile go and fetch them to your Maiestie,
And pray your Highnesse view them gratiouly,

Exit Queen.

King. Go fetch them *Kate*: a firra, we haue women doctors,
Now I see, Mother a God, here's a fine world the whilst,
That 'twixt somany mens opinions,
The holy Scriptures must be banded thus.

Gard. God grant it breed no farther detriment
Vnto your Crowne and sacred dignity:
They that would alter thus Religion,
I feare they scarcely love your Royall person.

King. Ha! take heed what you doe say *Gardiner.*

Gard. My love and duty to your Maiesty.
Bids me hold to speake my conscience,
Vnlesse your safety and your life they hate,
Why should they daily thus disturbe the state
To smoothe the face of false rebellion.
Proud Traytors will pretend Religion.
For under colour of reformation
The upstart followers of *Wickliffes* doctrine,
In the fift *Henries* dayes arise in armes:
And had not diligent care prevented them,
Their powers had sodainly surpris'd the King,
And good my Liege who knowes their proud intēt,
That thus rebell against your government?

King. Shrewd proofes berlady, & by Saint *Peter*,
I sweare we will not trust their gentlenesse,
Speake *Gardiner* and resolve us speedily,
Who's the ring-leader of this lusty crew?

Bon. Vnlesse your Highnesse please to pardon us,
We dare not speake, nor urge your Maiesty.

King. We pardon what ye speake, resolve us speedily.

Gard

When you see mee, you know mee.

Gard. Then if your royall person will be safe,
Your life prefer'd, and this faire Realme in peace,
And all these troubles smoothly pacifi'd,

The Queene deare Lord must be removed from you,
King. Haw, the Queene, bold sir advise ye well,
Take heed ye doe not wrong her Loyalty.

Gard. See here my Leige are proofes too manifest.
Her Highnesse with a sect of *Lutherans*,
Have private meetings, secret conventicles,
To wrest the grounds of all religion :
Seeking by tumults to subvert the state,
The which wihtout your Majesties censure,
Is treason capitall against the Crowne.

Boy. And seeing without the knowledge of your Grace,
They dare attempt these dangerous Stratagems,
'Tis to be fear'd which heaven we may prevent,
They doe conspire against your sacred life.

Gard. Why else, should all these private meetings be,
without the knowledge of your Majesty ?

King. Mother a God, these proofes are probable,
And strong presumptions doe confirme your words,
within there, ho ?

Enter Compton.

Comp. My Lord.

King. Sir *William Compton* seethe doores made fast,
Double our Guard, let none come neere our person,
Summon the Councell, to conferre with us,
Bid them attend us in the Priuy chamber ?

Comp. Here is a Letter for your Majesty
From *Martin Luther* out of Germany.

King. Damb'd *Schismaticke* still will he trouble us,
With bookes and Letters, leave it and be gone.

Exit Compton.

The villaine thinks to smoothe his treachery,
By fawning speeches to our Majesty,
But by my *George* Lord Bishops if I live,

When you see mee, you know mee.

He roote his favorites from *Englands* bounds,
What writes his worship?

Gar. Now *Bawper* stir, the game is set a foot,
The King is now incens'd, let's follow close
To have *Queene Katherine* shorter by a head,
These Heresies will cease when she is dead.

King. Holy Saint *Peter* what a knave is this,
Ere while he write submissively to us;
And now againe repents his humblenesse.
Bishops, it seemes being toucht with our reply,
He writes thus boldly to our Maiesty

Gardiner looke heere, he was deceaved he saies
When he thought to find *John Baptist* in the
Courts of Princes, or resident with those that are
Cloathed in purple, Mother a God, ist not a dangerous knave

Gar. False *Luther* Knaves, he has great frinds in *England*:
Else durst he not thus moove your Maiesty.

King. Weele cut his friends off, ere they grow too strong,
And sweepe these vipers from our state ere long,
No marvell though *Queene Katherine* plead for him
That is I see the greatest *Lutherin*,
How is your Councels we proceed in these?

Bon. 'Twere best your Gracedid send her to the Tower,
Before they further doe conferre with her.

King. Let it be so, goe get a warrant drawne,
And with a strong Guard beare her to the Tower,
Our hand shall signe your large commission,
Let *Cranmer* from the Prince be straight remooved,
And come not neere the Court on paine of death,
Mother a God, shall I be baffled thus
By traytors, rebels, and false heritickes:
Get Articles for her arraignment ready,
If she of treason be convict, I sweare,
Her head goes off, were she my Kingdomes heire.

Sound Exit.

Enter the Prince, Cranmer, Tye, and the young Lords.

Pri. Cranmer.

Cran.

When you see mee; you know mee.

Cran. My Lord.

Pri. Where is *Francisco* our Italian Tutor

Cran. He does attend your Grace without my Lord.

Pri. Tell him, anon we will conferre with him,
Weele ply our learning *Browne* least you be beaten,
We will not have your Knighthood so disgrac'd.

Brow. I thanke ye good my Lord,
And your Grace would but a little ply your Learning,
I warrant ye ile keepe my Knighthood from breeching

Pri. Faith Ned I will : how now what letter's that ?

1 *Servant.* From your Graces sister the Lady *Mary*.

Pri. Come give it me, we gosse at the contents.

Cranmer, my sister oft hath writ to me,
That you and Bishop *Bonner* might conferre
About these points of new Religion,
Tell me Tutor, will ye dispute with him ?

Cra. With all my heart my Lord, and wish the King,
Would daine to heare our disputation.

Pri. What hast thou there ?

2 *Ser.* A letter frō your royall sister, young *Elizabeth*.

Pri. Another letter ere we open this,
Well, we will view them both immediately,
I pray ye attend us in the next Chamber,
And Tutors, if I call ye not before,
Give me some notice, if the King my Father
Be walkt abroad, I must goe visit him.

Tye. We will faire Prince.

Pri. What saies my sister *Mary*? she is eldest
And by due course must first be answered.

*The blessed Mother of thy Redeemer, with all the Angels
and holy Saints be intercessors to preserve thee of Idolatry,
to innocate the Saints for helpe.*

Alas good Sister, still in this opinion,
These are thy blinded Tutors *Bonner*, *Gardiner*,
That wrong thy thoughts with foolish heresies,
Ile read no farther : to him will *Edward* pray
For preservation, that can himselfe preserve me,
Without the helpe of Saint or Ceremony.

When you see mee, you know mee.

What writes *Elizabeth*, sweet sister thou hast my heart,
And of Prince *Edwards* love hast greatest part.

Sweet Prince I salute thee with a Sisters love,
Be stedfast in thy faith, and let thy prayers
Be dedicate to God onely, for 'tis he alone
Can strengthen thee, and confound thine enemies,
Give a sealed assurance of thy hopes in Heaven,
God strengthen thee in all temptations,
And give thee grace to shun Idolatry,
Heaven send thee life to inherit thy Election,
To God I commend thee, who still I pray preserve thee.

Thy loving Sister *Elizabeth*.

Loving thou art, and of me best beloved,
Thy lines shall be my contemplations cures,
And in thy vertues will I meditate,
To Christ Ile onely pray for me and thee :

Enter Cranmer.

This I embrace, a way Idolatry,

How now *Cranmer*, where's the King ?

Cran. Conferring with his Councell gracious Prince,
There is some earnest businesse troubles him:
The Guards are doubled, and commandement given,
That none be suffered to come neere the presence,
God keepe his Maiesty from traytors hands.

Pri. Amen good *Cranmer*, what should distuebe him thus ?
Is Cardinall *Woolsey* yet returned from France ?

Tye. I my good Lord, and this day comes to Court.

Prim. Perhaps this hasty businesse of the King,
Is touching *Woolsey*, and his Embassage.

Cran. Pray God it be not worse my Lord. *En. Compton;*

Tye. Here comes Sir *William Compton* from his highnesse.

Comp. Health to your Excellencie,

Pri. What newes Sir *William* ?

Comp. The King expects your Graces company.
And wils your highnesse to come & speake with him.
And Doctor *Cranmer*, from his Maiesty,
I charge ye speedily to leave the Court,

And

When you see mee, you know mee.

And come not neare the Prince on paine of death,
Without direction from the King and Peeres.

Cra. Sir I obey ye, God so deale with me
As I have wisht unto his Maiesty,

Pri. *Cranmer* banisht the Court, for what I pray ?

Comp. I know not gracious Lord, pray pardon me,
'Tis the Kings pleasure ; and trust me I am sorry
It was my hap to bring this heavy message.

Cra. Nay good Sir *William*, your message moues not me,
My service to his Royall Majesty
Was alwayes true and iust, so helpe ye heaven :
Onely I pray your Grace to move the King,
That I may come to tryall speedily,
And if in ought I have deserved death.

Let me not draw another minutes breath.

Exit Cranmer.

Com. Will ye goe my Lord.

Pri. Not yet, we are not your prisoner, are we sir ?

Com. No my deare Lord.

Pri. Then goe before, and we will follow ye,
Your worship will forget your selfe I see. *Enter Tye.*
My Tutor thrust from Court so suddainly, this is strange.

Tye. The Queene my Lord is come to speake with you.

Enter the Queene.

Pri. Avoid the Presence then, and conduct her in,
He speake with her, and after see the King.

Queene. Leave us alone I prey ye.

Pri. Your grace is welcōe, how faires your Maiesty.

Quee. Never so ill deare Prince, for now I feare
Even as a wretched caitiffe kild with care,
I am accus'd of Treason, and the King
Is now in councell to dispose of me,
I know his frowne is death, and I shall die.

Pri. Who are your accusers ?

Quee. I know not.

Pri. How know ye then his Grace is so incens'd.

Qu. One of my Gentlemen passing by the presence,
Tooke up this bill of accusations.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Wherein twelve Articles are drawne against me,
It seemes my false accusers lost it there,
Heere they accuse me of Conspiracie,
That I with *Cranmer*, *Latimer*, and *Kidley*,
Doe seeke to raise rebellion in the state,
Alter Religion, and bring *Luther* in,
And to new government inforce the King.

Pri. Then that's the cause that *Cranmer* was remooved,
But did your Highnesse ere conferre with them,
As they have here accus'd ye to the King?

Quee. Never, nor ever had I one such thought
As I have hope in him my soule hath bought.

Pri. Then feare not gracious Madam, Ile to the King,
And doubt not but ile make your peace with him.

Quee. O pleade for me, tell him my soule is cleere,
Never did thought of treason harbour here,
As I intended to his sacred life,
So be it to my soule, or joy, or grieve.

Pri. Stay here till I returne, ile moue his Maiesty,
That you may answere your accusers presently. *Exit Prince.*

Quee. O I shall never come to speake with him,
The Lyon in his rage is not so sterne,
As Royall *Henry* in his wrathfull spleene,
And they that have accus'd me to his Grace,
Will worke such meanes I nere shall see his face,
Wretched Queene *Katherine*, would thou had'st beene
Kate Parre still, and not great *Englands* Queene. *En. Compt.*

Compt. Health to your Maiesty,

Quee. Wish me (good *Compt.*) woe and misery,
This giddy flattering world I hate and scoffe,
Ere long I know Queene *Katherine*'s head must off.
Came ye from the King?

Compt. I did faire Queene, and much sad tidings bring,
His Grace in secret hath reveal'd to me
What is intended to your Maiesty,
Which in love and duty to your Highnesse,
Am come to tell ye and to counsell ye
The best I can in this extremitie.

Then

When you see mee, you know mee.

Then on my knees I dare intreat your Grace,
Not to reveale what I shall say to you,
For then I am assur'd that death's my due.

Quee. I will not on my faith, good *Compton* speake,
That with thy sad reports my heart may breake.

Comp. Thus then at your faire feete my life I lay,
In hope to drive your Highnesse cares away :
You are accus'd of high Conspiracy
And Treason 'gainst his Royall Maiesty.
So much they have incens'd his Excellencie,
That he hath granted firme Commission
To attach your person and convey ye hence,
Close prisoner to the Tower, Articles are drawne,
And time appointed for arraignment there :
Good Madam be advis'd, by this I know,
The officers are sent to arrest your person :
Prevent their Malice, hast ye to the King.
He use such meanes that you shall speake with him,
There pleade your innocencie, I know his Grace
Will heare ye mildly therefore delay not,
If you be taken ere you see the King,
I feare ye never more shall speake to him.

Quee. Oh! *Compton* twixt thy love & my sage feare,
I feele ten thousand sad vexations here,
Leade on I pray, He be advis'd by thee,
The King is angry and the Queene must die. *Exit.*

Enter Bonner and Gardiner with the commission.

Gar. Come *Bonner* now strike sure, the yron's hot
Urge all thou canst, let nothing be forgot.
We have the Kings hand here to warrant us,
'Twas well the Cardinall came and so luckily,
Who urg'd, the state would quite be ruined,
If that Religion thus were altered.
Which made his Highnesse with a fiery spleene,
Direct our warrants to attach the Queene.

Bon. 'Twas excellent, that Ceder once overthrowne,

When you see mee, you know mee.

To crop the lower shrubs let us alone.

Gar. Those Articles of accusations,
We fram'd against her being lost by you,
Had like to overthrow our policy,
Had we not stoutly urg'd his Maiesty.

Ben. Well, well, what's now to be done?

Gar. A Guard must be provided speedily,
To beare her prisoner unto *London* Tower,
And watch cōvenient place to arrest her persō.

Ben. Tush, any place shall serve, for who dares contradict
His Highnesse hand, even from his side weele haile her,
And beare her quickly to her longest home,
Least we and ours by her to ruine come.

Gar. About it then, let them untimely die,
That scorne the Pope and *Romes* Supremacie.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King and Prince, the Guard
before them.*

King. Guard, watch the doores and let none come neare us
But such as are attendant on our person :
Mother a God 'tis time to stirre, I see,
When traitors creepe so neere our Maiesty :
Must English *Harry* walke with armed guards
Now in this old age, must I feare my life,
By hateful treason of my Queene and wife.

Pri. I doe beseech your Royall Maieity,
To heare her speake ere ye condemne her thus.

King. Goe too Ned, I charge ye speake not for her,
She's a dangerous traitor, how now, who knocks so loud there.

Gar. 'Tis Cardinall *Woolsey* my Lord.

King. And it be the Devill, tell him he comes not heere
Bid him attend us till our better leasure :

Come hither Ned, let me conferre with you.

Didst ever heare the disputation

Twixt *Crammer*, and the Queene about religion.

Pri. Never my Lord, I thinke they never yet,
At any time had speech concerning it.

King.

When you see mee, you know mee.

King. O thou art deceiued *Ned*, It is too certaine. *knocks.*
Hoy day more knocking, knock yrons on his heeles,
And beare him hence what ere he be, disturbes vs who ist?

Guard. Sir *William Compton* my Liege.

King. Ist he, well let him in, Gods holy mother, heer's a stir
indeed, *Compton* ye knocke to loud for entrance heere.
You care not though the King bee ne're so neere, say yee sir
haw.

Comp. I doe beseech your pardon for my boldnosse.

King. Well, what's your businesse?

Comp. The Queene my Lord intreats to speake with you,

King. Body a me, is she not rested yet?
Why do they not conuay her to the Tower.
We gaue commission to attach her presently.
Where is shee?

Comp. At the doore my Soveraigne.

King. So neere our Presence, keepe her out I charge ye.
Bend all your Holberds points against the doore,
If shee presume to enter, strike her through,
Dare she presume againe to looke vpon vs?

Pri. Vpon my knees, I do beseech your Highnesse
To heare her speake,

King. Vp *Ned*, stand vp, I will not looke on her,
Mother a God stand close and guard it sure,
If she come in, jle hang ye all I sweare.

Pri. I doe beseech your Grace.

King. Sir boy no more, jle heere no more of her,
Proud slut, bold traitresse, and forgetfull beast,
Yet dare she further moue our patience.

Pri. Ile pawne my Princely word, right Royall Father,
She shall not speake a word to anger ye.

King. Will you pawne your word for her, mother a God
The Prince of *Wales* his word is warrant for a King,
And we will take it *Ned*, go call her in. *Enter Queene.*

Sir *William* let the Guard attend without,
Reach me a chare, all but the Prince depart,
How now, what doe you weepe and kneele,
Dus your blacke soule the guilt of conscience feele?

K

Out,

When you see mee, you know mee.

Out, out, you are a traytor.

Quee. A traytor, O you all seeing powers,
Here witnesse to my Lord my Loyalty!
A Traytor. Oh then you are too mercifull,
If I have Treason in me, why rip you not
My ugly heart out with your weapons point?
O my good Lord, if it hath traytors blood,
It will be blacke, deform'd and tenebrous;
If not, from it will spring a scarlet fountaine,
And spit defiance in their periur'd throats
That have accus'd me to your Maiesty,
Making my state thus full of misery.

King. Canst thou deny it?

Qu. Else should I wrongfully accuse my selfe.
O my deare Lord, I doe beseech your Highnesse
To satisfie your wronged Queene in this,
Vpon what ground growes this suspicion,
Or who thus wrongfully accuseth me,
Of cursed treason 'gainst your Maiesty?

King. Some probable effects my selfe can witnesse,
Others our faithfull Subiects can testifie:
Have you not oft maintained arguments,
Even to our face against Religion?
Which joyn'd with other complots, show it selfe,
As it is gathered by our Loyall Subiects,
For treason Capitall against our person?
Gods holy Mother, youle remoue us quickly,
And turne me out, old *Harrie* must away,
Now in mine age, lame, and halfe bed-rid,
Or else youle keepe me fast enough in prison,
Haw, mistris, these are no hatefull treasons these.

Qu. Heaven on my fore-head write my worst intent,
And let your hate against my life be beat,
If ever thought of ill against your Maiesty,
Was harbour'd here, refuse me gracious God,
To your face my Leige, if to your face I speake it,
It manifests no complot, nor no treason,
Nor are they Loyall that so iniure me;

What

When you see mee, you know mee.

What I did speake, was as my womans wit,
To hold out Argument, could compasse it,
My punie Schollership is held too weake
To maintaine proofes about Religion,
Alas I did it but to wast the time,
Knowing as then your Grace was weake and sickly,
So to expell part of your paine and griefe:
And for my good intent they seeke my life,
O God, how am I wrong'd?

King. Ha, saist thou so; was it no otherwise?

Que. What should I say, that you might credit me,
If I am false, heaven strike me suddainly.

King. Body a me, what everlasting Knaves are these that
wrong'd thee thus, alas poore *Kate*. come stand up, stand up, wipe
thine eies, wipe thine eies, fore-god t'was told me that thou wert
a traitor: I could hardly thinke it, but that it was applied so hard
to me, Gods-mother *Kate* I feare my life I tell ye, *King Harrie*
would be loath to die by treason now, that has bidde so many
brunts unblemished, yet I confesse that now I grow stiffe, my
Legges faile me first, but they stand furthest from my heart
and that's still sound I thanke my God: give me thy hand come
kisse me *Kate*, so now mine friends againe, hurson knaves, crafty
varlets, make thee a traytor to old *Harries* life, well, well, ile meet
with some of them, Sfoote come sit on my knee *Kate*, Mother-a-
god he that sayes th'art false to me, by *England*, crowne ile hang
him presently.

Quee. When I have thought of ill against your state,
Let me be made the vildest reprobate.

King. That's my good *Kate*, but bith marrie God *Queene*
Katherine you must thanke Prince *Edward* here,
For, but for him, th'adst gone to th Tower I sweare.

Quee. I shall be ever thankfull to his Highnesse,
And pray for him and for your Maiesty.

King. Come *Kate* wele walke a while i'th Garden here, who
keepe the doore there?

Comp. My Lord.

King. Sir *William Compton*, here take my Ring,

When you see mee, you know mee.

Bid Doctor *Craumer* hast to Court againe,
Giue him that token of King *Henries* loue,
Discharge our Guards, we feare no traitors hand,
Our state, beloued of all, doth firmly stand :
Goe Compton.

Comp. I goe my Lord.

King. Bid *Woolsey* hast him to our Royall presence,
Great *Charles* the mighty Romaine Emperour,
Our Nephew, and the hope of Christendome
Is come to see his Vnckle and the English Court ;
Weele entertaine him with Imperiall port :
Come hither *Ned.*

*Enter Bonner and Gardiner With
the Guard.*

Gar. Fellowes, stay there, and when I call, come forward,
The seruice you pursue is for the King ;
Therefore I charge ye performe it boldlie,
We haue his hand and seale to warrant it.

Guard. Weele follow you with resolution sir,
The Church is on our side, what should we feare ;

Gar. See yonder, shees talking with his Maiestie,
Thinke you wee may attempt to take her heere ?

Bon. Why should we not, haue we not firme Com-
mission to attack her any where ? be bold, and feare not :
Fellowes come forwards

King. How now, whats here to doe ?

Queen. The Bishops it seemes my Lord would speake with
you.

King. With bills and holberds, well tarrie there *Kate*,
He goe my selfe ; Now, wherefore come you ?

Gard. As loyall Subjects to your state and person,
We come to apprehend that traiterous woman.

King. Y'are a couple of drunken knaues and varlets,
Gods holy Mother she is more true and iust,
Then any Prelate that Subornes the Pope :
Thus to vsurpe vpon our Government ?

Call

When you see mee, you know mee.

Call you her Traytor, yee are lying beasts and false conspira-
tours.

Bon. Your Maiesty hath seene what proofes we had.

King. Heere you *Bonner*, you are a whorson Coxcombe,
What proofes had ye, but treasons of your owne inventions?

Quee. O my deare Lord, respect the reverent Bishops
Bonner and *Gardiner* loues your Maiestie.

King. Alas poore *Kate*, thou thinkst full little what they
come for :

Thou hast small reason to commend their loues,
That falsly haue accusde thy harmelesse life.

Quee. O God, are these mine enemies?

Guard. We haue your Highnesse hand to warrant it.

King. Lets see it then.

Gard. Tis heere my Liege.

King. So, now yee haue both my hands to contradict what
one hand did : and now Our word againe shall serue as warrant
to beare you both es prisoners to the Fleete.

Where you shall answere this conspiracie.

You fellowes that came to attach the Queene,
Lay hands on them. and beare them to the Fleete.

Quee. O I beseech your Highnesse on my knees
Remit the doome of their imprisonment.

King. Stand vp good *Kate*, thou wrongst thy Maiestie,
To plead for them that thus haue injured thee.

Quee. I haue forgotten it, and doe still intreat
Their humble pardons at your gracious feet.

King. Mother a God, what a foolish woman's this,
Well, for her sake we revoke our doome,

But come not neere vs as you loue your liues :

Away and leaue vs, you are knaues and miscreants.

Whorson Caitiffes, come to attach my Queene !

Quee. Vexe not my Lord, it will distemper you,

Enter Brandon.

King. Mother a God, Ile temper some on them for't.
How now *Brandon*?

When you see mee, you know mee.

Bran. The Emperour my Lord,

King. Get a traine ready there, *Charles Brandon* come
Weele meete the Monarke of imperiall *Rome* :
Goe *Ned*, prepare your selfe to meete the Emper our,
Weele send you further notice of our pleasure.

Enter Cardinall and Will.

Attend the Prince there : Welcome Lord Cardinall,
Hath not our tedious journey into *France*,
Disturb'd your Graces health and reverent person ?

Will. No, no ne're feare him *Harry*, he has got
More by the journey, he'll be Pope shortly.

King. What *William*, how chance I have not scene you to
day ? I thought you would not have beene the hindmost man to
salute me.

Will. No more I am not *Harry*, for yonder is Patch behind me,
I could never get him before me since thou coniur'st him i'th
great Chamber, all the horses i'th towne cannot hawle him into
thy presence I warrant thee.

King. Will he not come in ?

Will. Not for the world, he stands watching at the doore,
Heele not stirre while the Cardinall come ;
Then the foole will follow him every where.

Wool. I thanke you *William*, I am beholding to you still.

Will. Nay my Lord, I am more beholding unto you, I thanke
your Foole for it, we have ranfaked your Winesellers since you
went into *France* : Doe you blush my Lord ? na, that's nothing,
you have Wine there, is able to set a colour in any mans face I
warrant it.

King. Why *William*, is the Cardinals wine so good ?

Will. Better then thine ife be sworne, Ile take but two hand-
fuls of his Wine, and it shall fill foure Hogs-heads of thine,
(looke here else.)

Wool. *Mor diens.*

Will. Mor divell, ist not ? for without coniuring you could
never doe it : But I pray you my Lord call upon *Mor diens* no
longer, but speake plaine English, you have deceived the King
in

When you see mee, you know mee.

in French and Latine long enough a conscience.

King. Is his Wine turned into Gold, *Will?*

Wool. The foole mistakes, my gracious Soveraigne.

Will. I, I my Lord, ne're set your wit to the fooles,

Will. *Summers* will be secret now and say nothing. If I would be a blabbe of my tongue, I could tell the King how many barrels, full of Gold and Siluer there was, sixe Tuns filled with plate and jewels, Twenty great Trunkes with Crosses, Crosiers, Copes Myters, Maces, Golden Crucifixes, besides the Foure Hundred and Twelue Thousand Pounds that the poore Chimneys paid for Peter-pence. But this is nothing, for when you are Pope, you may pardon your felle for more knaverie then this comes to.

King. Goe too foole, you wrong the Cardinall,
But griene not *Woolfe*, *William* will be bold :
I pray you set on to meet the Emperour,
The Major and Cittizens are gone before ;
The Prince of *Wales* shall follow presently,
And with our *George* and Collier of Estate,
Present him with the order of the Garter :
Great *Maximilian* his Progenitour,
Vpon his brest did weare the English Crosse,
And vnderneath our Standerd marcht in armes,
Receiting pay for all his warlike hoste ;
And *Charles* with Knight-hood shall be honored,
Begin Lord Cardinall, greet his Maiestie,
And we our selfe will follow presentlie.

Wool. I goe my Soveraigne.

Will. Faire weather after yee :

Well, and ere hee comes to bee Pope, I shall bee plung'd for this.

Quee. *William*, you haue angred the Cardinall I can tell you.

King. 'Tis no matter *Kate*, Ile anger him worse ere long,
Though for a while I smooth it to his face :
I did suspect what heere the foole hath found,
He keepes forsooth a high Court Legantine,

Taxing

When you see mee, you know mee.

Taxing our Subjects, gathering summes of Gold,
Which belike he hath hid to make him Pope ;
A Gods name let him, that shall be our owne.
But to our businesse, come Queene Katherine,
You shall with vs to meet the Emperour,
Let all your Ladies be in readinesse :
Go, let our Guard attend the Prince of Wales,
Vpon our selfe, the Lords and Pentioners
Shall giue attendance in their best array, *Sound.*
Let all estates be ready ; come faire Kate,
The Emperour shall see our English state.

Sound.

*Enter Emperour, Cardinall, Maior,
and Gentlemen.*

Wool. Your Maiestie is welcome into England,
The King our Maister. will reioyce to see
Great Charles the Royall Emperours Maiestie.

Emp. We thanke you for your paines my good Lord Cardinal,
And much our louing eyes desire to see
Our Kingly Vncle and his Princely Sonne.
And therefore, when you please I pray set on.

Wool. On Gentlemen, and meete the Prince of Wales,
That comes fore-runner to his Royall father,
To entertaine the Christian Emperour :
Meane while your Maiestie may here behold
This warlike Kingdome faire *Metropolis*,
The Citty *London*, and the River *Thames*,
And note the scituation of the place.

Empe. We doe my Lord, and count it admirable :
But see Lord Admirall, the Prince is comming.

Sound.

*Enter the Prince with a Herald before him, bearing the
Collar and Garter, the Guard and Lords attending.*

Empe. Well met young Cousen.

Prince. I kisse your Highnesse,
And bid you welcome to my Fathers land,

When you see mee, you know mee.

I shall not need inferre comparisons,
Welcome beyond compare, for so your Excellency
Hath honoured England, in containing you,
As with all state and Princely pompe we can,
Weele entertaine great *Charles* the Austrian:
And first, in signe of honour to your Grace,
I heere present this Collar of Estate,
This golden Garter of the Knight-hoods order,
An honour to renowne the Emperour:
Thus as my Father hath commanded me,
I entertaine your Royall Maiesty.

Emp. True honoured Off-spring of a famous King;
Thou dost amaze me, and dost make me wish
I were a second sonne to *Englands* Lord,
In interchange of my imperiall seate;
To live with thee faire hope of Maiesty,
So well our welcome we accept of thee,
And with such Princely spirit pronounce the word,
Thy Fathers state, can no more state afford.

Pri. Yes my good Lord, in him there's Maiesty.
In me there's love with tender infancy. *Sound Trumpets.*

Wool. The trumpets sound my Lord, the King is
comming.

Prin. Goe all you attend his Royall person,
Whilst we observe the Emperours Maiesty.

Sound.

*¶ Enter the Herald's first, then the Trumpets, next the Guard,
then Macebearer and Swords, then the Cardinall, then Bran-
don, then the King, after him the Queene, Ladie Mary, and
Ladies attending.*

King. Hold, stand I say.

Bran. Stand gentlemen.

Wool. Cease those trumpets there.

K. Is the Emperour yet come in sight of us?

Wool. His Maiesty is hard at hand my Lord.

King. Then *Brandon*, sheath our Sword, and beare our
Maces.

When you see mee, you know mee.

Maces downe,
In honour of my Lord the Emperour :
Forward againe.

Bran. On Gentlemen afore, sound trumpets and
set forwards.

Prim. Behold my Father, gracious Emperour.

Empe. Weele meet him coosen :
Vnckle of *England*. King of *France* and *Ireland*, De-
fender of the ancient Christian faith ;
With great joy I doe embrace thy breast,
Then when the Seven Electors crowned me
Great Emperour of the Christian Monarchie.

King. Great *Charles*, the first Emperour of *Almayne*, King
of the Romans, *Semper Augustus* Warlike King of *Spaine* and
Cicily, both *Naples*, *Navar*, and *Aragon*, King of *Crete* and
great *Ierusalem*, Arch-duke of *Austria*, Duke of *Millaine*, *Bra-*
bant, *Burgundy*, *Tyrrell*, and *Flanders*, with this great Title I em-
brace thy breast,

And how thy sight doth please, suppose the rest,
Sound Trumpets while my faire Queene *Katherine*
Gives entertainment to the Emperour,

Sound

Welcome againe to *England* Princely Coosen,
We dwell heere, but in an outward Continent,
Where Winters ice-cickles hangs on our beards,
Bordring upon the frozen *Orcades*,
Our Mother-point, compast with the *Artiecke* Sea,
Where raging *Boreas* flies from Winters mouth,
Yet are our bloods as hot, as where the Sun doth rise
We have no Golden mynes to leade you to,
But hearts of prooffe, and what we speake weele doe

Empe. We thanke you Vnckle and now must chide you ;
If we be welcome to your Countrey,

Why is the ancient League now broke betwixt us ?

Why have your Heralds in the *French* Kings cause,

Breathed defiance against our Dignity,

When face to face, we met at *Landersey* ?

King. My Heralds to defie you Maieity ?

Your Grace mistakes, We sent Embassadors

To

When you see mee, you know mee.

To treat a peace betweene the French and you,
Not to defie you as an Enemy.

Empe. Yet Vnckle in King *Henries* name he came,
And boldly to our face did give the same.

Card. Hell stop that fatall boding Emperours throate,
That sings against us this dismall Ravens note.

King. Mother of God, if this be true we see,
There are more Kings in *England* now then we:
Where's Cardinall *Woolsey*?

Heard you this newes in *France*?

Wool. I did my Liege, and by my meanes 'twas done,
He not deny it; I had Commission.

To joyne a league betwixt the French and him,
Which he withstanding as an enemy,
I did defie him from your Maiesty.

King. Durst thou presume so, base-borne Cardinall,
Without our knowledge to abuse our name;
Presumptuous Traytor, under what pretence
Didst thou attempt to brave the Emperour?
Belike thou mean'st to leuell at a Crowne,
But thy ambitious Crowne shall hurle the downe.

Wool. With reverence to your Maiesty I did no more
Then I can answer to the holy Sea.

King. Villaine, thou canst not answer it to me,
Nor shadow thy insulting treachery:
How durst ye sirra in your Embassage,
Vnknowne to us, stampe in our Royall coyne
The base impression of your Cardinall Hat.

As if you were copartner in the Crowne?
Ego, & Rex meus: you and your King must be
In equall state, and pompe, and Maiesty:
Out of my presence hatefull impudency.

Wool. Remember my Liege that I am Cardinall;
And Deputy unto his Holinesse.

King. Be the Divels Deputy, I care not I,
He not be baffled by your treachery;
Y'are false abusers of Religion,
You can corrupt it, and forbid the King,

When you see mee, you know mee.

Vpon the penalty of the Popes blacke curse,
If he should pawne his Crown for souldiers pay,
Not to suppress an old religious Abbey,
Yet you at pleasure have subverted foure,
Seizing their Lands, tunning up heaps of Gold,
Secret conveiance of our Royall seale,
To raise Collections to enrich thy state,
For which sir, we command you leave the Court,
We here discharge you of your Offices:
You that are *Caiphas*, or great Cardinall,
Hast you with speed unto your Bishopricke,
There keepe you, till you heare further from us:
Away, and speake not.

Wool. Yet will I proudly passe as Cardinall,
Although this day define my heauy fall. *Exit.*

Emper. I feare King Henry, and my Royall Vncle,
The Cardinall will curse my progresse hither.

King. No matter coosen, beshrew his treacherous heart,
Haz mou'd my blood to much impatience.

Enter Will Summers.

Where's *Will Summers*? Come on wise *William*,
We must use your little wits, to chase this
Anger from our blood againe:
What art thou doing?

Will. I am looking round about the Emperour, mee thinks
'tis a strange sight, for though he hath seene more fooles then I,
yet I never saw more Emperours then him.

Empe. Is this *Will Summers*? I have heard of him in all the
Princes Courts in Christendome.

Will. Law ye my Lord, you have a famous foole of me,
I can tell yee,

Will Summers is Knowne farre and neere yee see.

King. I, are you ryming *Wilham*, nay, then I am for yee, I
have not rymed with ye a great while, and now ile challenge ye
and the Emperour shall bee Iudge betweene us.

Will. Content my Lord, I am for ye all, come but one at once
and

When you see mee, you know mee.

and I care not.

King. Say ye so sir, come *Kate*, stand by me,
Weele put him to a non-plus presently.

Quee. To him *Will*.

Will. I warrant you Madam.

King. Answer this sir,
The bud is spred, the Rose is red, the leafe is Greene.

Will. A wench 'tis sed, was found in your bed, be-
sides the *Queene*.

Queene. God-a-mercy for that *Will*.
There's two Angels for thee :
Ifaith my Lord I am glad I know it.

King. Gods mother *Kate*, wilt thou beleeeve the foole ? hee
lyes, he lyes, a firra *William*, I perceive and't had beene so, you
would have shamed me before the Emperour, yet *William* have
at you once more.

In yonder Tower, there's a flower, that hath my hart.

Will. Within this houre, she pist full sowre, and let a fart.

Empe. Hee's too hard for you my Lord, i'le try him one ven-
nie my selfe, what say you to this *William* ?

An Emperour is great, high is his seat, who is his foe ?

Will. The worme that shall eate, his carkas for meat, whether he
will or no.

Empe. Well answered *Will*, yet once more I am for ye,
A ruddy lip, with a cherry tip, is fit for a King.

Will. I, so he may dip, about her hip, i'th tother thing.

Empe. Has put me downe my Lord.

Will. Who comes next then ?

King. The *Queene William*, looke to your selfe ;
To him *Kate*.

Queene. Come on *William*, answer to this,
When cold I take, my head doth ake, What Physick's good ?

Will. Heeres one will make, the cold to breake, and warme
your blood.

Queene. I am not repulst at first *William*, againe sir,
Women and their wills, are dangerous ills, as some men suppose.

Will. She that puddings fills, when snow lies o'th hills, must
keepe cleane her nose.

When you see mee, you know mee.

King. Inough good *William*, y'are too hard for all :
My Lord the Emperour, we delay too long
Your promised welcome to the English Courts,
The Honorable order of the Garter,
Your Maiesty shall take immediately,
And sit install'd therewith in *Windsor* Castle,
I tell yee there are lads girt with that order,
That will ungirt the proudest Champion.
Set forwards there, regard the Emperours state,
First in our Court wee banquet merrily,
Then mount on steeds, and girt in compleat Steele,
Weele tugge at Barriers, Tilt and Tournament :
Then shall ye see the Yeomen of my Guard
Wrestle, shoote, throw the sledge, or Pitch the barre.
Or any other active exercise :
Those Triumphs past, we'le forthwith hast to *Windsor*,
Saint *Georges* Knight shall be the Christian Emperour.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.



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